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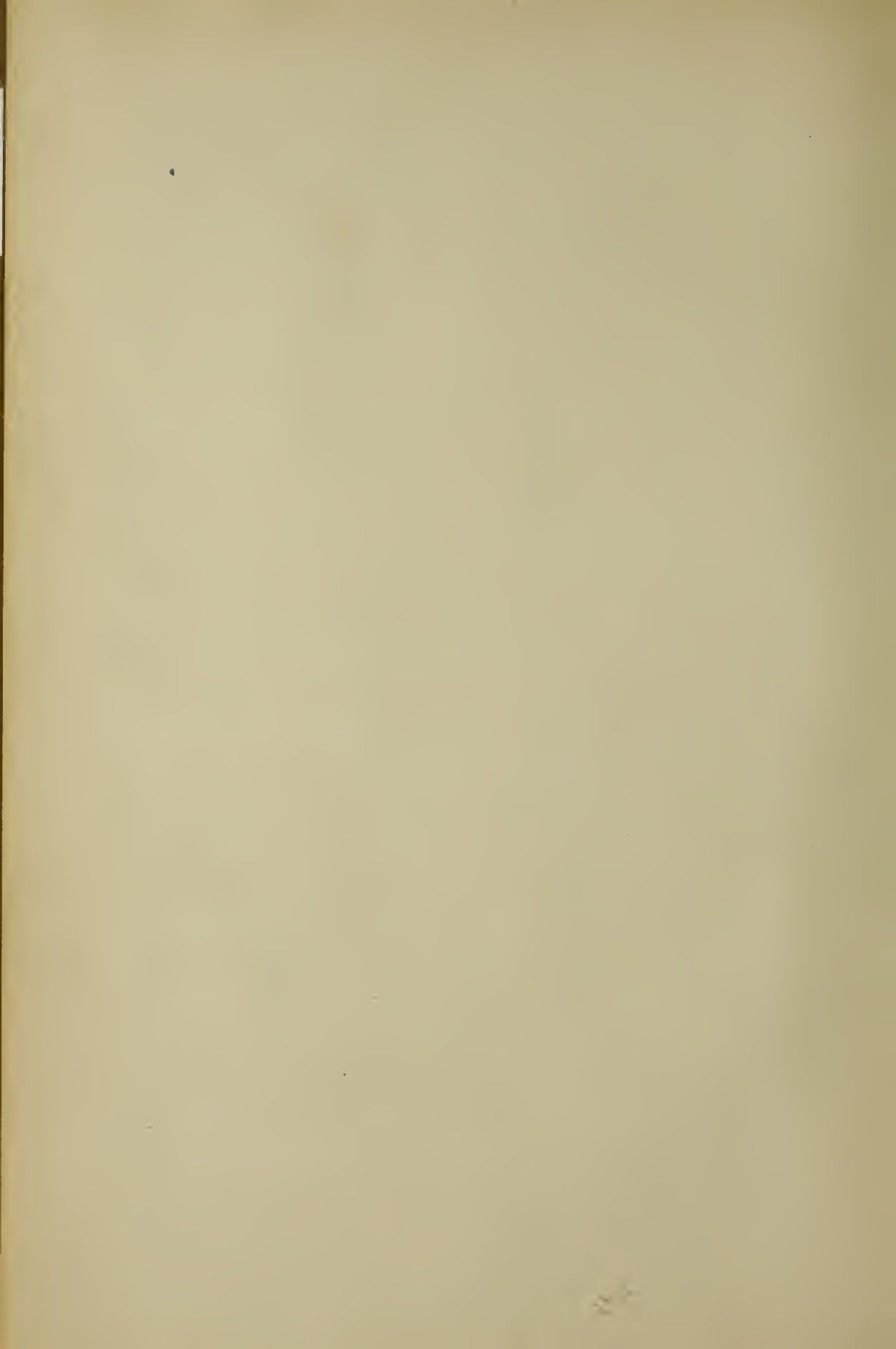
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THE 1915
CALDRON



COURTESY OF PARK BOARD

THE FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL



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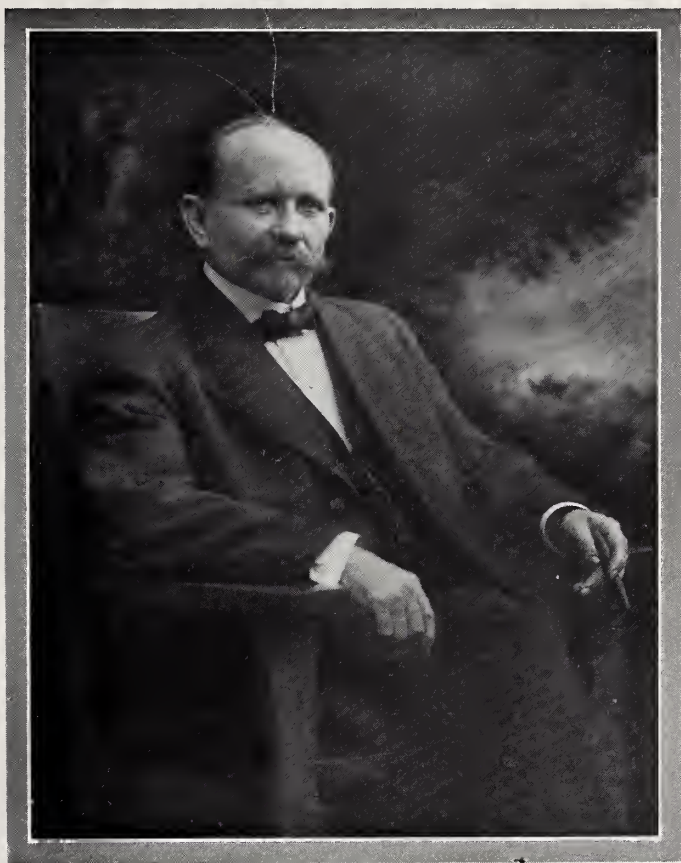
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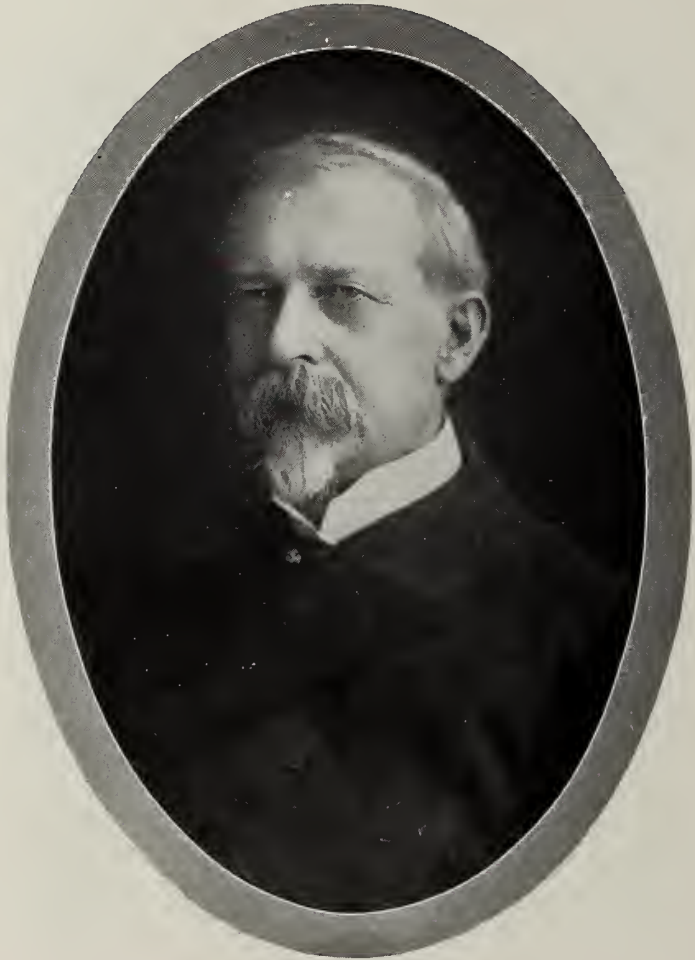
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TO one who has devoted his entire professional life to the education of the boys and girls of the Fort Wayne High School; to one whose aim and ambition has always been to establish and maintain for the Fort Wayne High School a reputation for being one of the finest schools in Indiana or the Middle West; to one who in a professional career has graduated twenty-six classes, aggregating several hundred students; to one who directed and supervised the four years' work of the graduating class of 1915, except for the last semester of the present year; to one whose life's work will be reflected in the life, undertakings, and achievements of the young men and women who graduated in classes under his control; to one who was always fair and just to all the students, ever ready and anxious to commend industry and application, to speak words of encouragement and to aid us with good and wholesome advice under any and all conditions and circumstances, to him, Professor Lane, retiring principal of the Fort Wayne High School, this, the Annual of the Class of 1915, is affectionately dedicated.

THE
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CHESTER T. LANE



JUSTIN N. STUDY
Superintendent of Schools

THE
CALDRON
1915



L. C. WARD
Our New Principal



THE CALD

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MOHLER
RIKER

HALL
SHULZE
WATERMAN



FOREWORD

YOU are hereby introduced to the Annual of the Class of 1915. It is not intended nor should it be considered by the readers as an Anniversary Caldron, and for this reason we have not attempted to produce a publication as elaborate or extensive as was the Annual of 1914. Therefore we hope that you will be charitable rather than querulous in judging its worth, and will let it pass with as little criticism as possible.

In compilation of the Annual, the editor desires to acknowledge especially the kind assistance of the following: Hazen H. Johnston, Walter N. Geller, Thoss Diffendorfer, Elliot P. Shulze, J. Kinner Blitz, Howard Steup, and Dorothy Knight.



..Literary..

FATE.

By Dorothy Knight, '15.

The poets tell us "There is a destiny which shapes our ends; Rough hew them as we may." And even the most pious of us are forced to admit it at times. To some, Fate is a kind goddess who shapes our lives with careful, loving hands; but to others—Ah! How mutilated are the lives of those others. They come into the world believing in their Creator, their fellowmen, themselves and then Fate destroys their fair illusions with her blighting hand. Sometimes they regain one of these dreams and clasp it to their hungry hearts only for a minute and then it is lost again.

A station platform is ever a source of interest to the casual observer who can see both the humor and pathos of it (for it has both). On a certain day in mid-summer in the year 1893, the eyes of the casual observer were attracted to a group of immigrant women who stood talking and gesticulating wildly in one corner of the stuffy station. To one side but evidently belonging to the party was a small girl—a pitiful little figure, tightly clasping a bulging umbrella that was as tall as she and holding to a package twice her size. Pitiful—because of the dusty hotness of the station, the appealing blue of her eyes, the pathetic droop to her mouth; because the bows of ribbon on her stiff little hat were of too deep a pink and the flowers thereon were too bright a red. Her very stoicism made one long to pick her up and take her away from her gaudy surroundings, which she did not in the least resemble. Her world was strangely different from that of the chattering women near her.

The casual observer noted all this and wondered, as casual observers do wonder, sometimes. Had he but known it there was cause for wonder, for back in a tiny village in France a heart-broken old man had spent the last of what had been a comfortable fortune in searching for the child whom, as it was supposed, a band of nomads had stolen. Thus Fate had played her first ominous card in the life of little Eugène de Villers.

Although this is a biography, we may pass quickly over her girlhood, simply noting the facts that the child was sent to the public schools where her teachers became interested in her because of the ability and quickness she displayed. Upon questioning the adopted parents, the interested ones were briefly told, "No, she is not our own child. We found her in France, lost she was. We took care of her. Yes, surely she is French." However, the



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teacher saw a future for Eugène and, being herself alone in the world, she begged permission to adopt the child. This was speedily accomplished and so Fate, now wearing her smiling mask, permitted Eugène to have a good education and to steadily come to the front, pushing on by that rare ability that so many of our foreign born population possess.

When the girl was twenty one, her guardian died leaving Eugène alone in the world. She missed her deeply—but the future stretched before her bright and rosy, and who knew what the future might hold. (Alas! Who *did* know?) She had a responsible position as private secretary and foreign correspondent in the office of a big New York concern. Life was very good! But then came the change—the old regime in the factory left with the old manager and the new manager had an entirely new order of things. He believed in browbeating his employees, and men in the shops who had worked contentedly before his arrival, now snarled and made dire threats at his abuse. His looks fully typified his character—tiny black eyes which leered at one from beneath brute-like brows, a smirking smile which was ever upon his fat, red face—in short, he was a bully resembling a piece of raw beef.

Things did not go well in the office either—more than once Eugène choked back her anger when the man made some insulting insinuation and at length, one afternoon, all that pent-up anger was rekindled and burst into white heat at an especially bullying remark. The hot blood of her French and Norman ancestry flowed in her veins and words of hate and loathing disgust fell from her lips in a torrent as she pinned on her hat and left the office. Her anger was only fanned the hotter as she stepped into the dusty street. How her head throbbed with the righteous hate that was in her heart, and as she left the car and turned the corner to enter her own apartment house, she saw her employer entering his apartment on the boulevard. Only a small court lay between the first two stories of the two houses and since they had formerly comprised one big hotel, their upper stories were still connected in an intricate way, altho there was a vast difference between the two parts—Eugène's side being made up of comfortable inexpensive lodgings and her employer's—fashionable, expensive apartments. So despicable was the sight of the man to Eugène that she shuddered as she thought that the same roof sheltered them both.

She entered her own stuffy apartment and pushed up all the windows for the air was stifling to her impassioned senses. Then with tightly clenched fists she sat down at her desk to try to regain control of herself. Finally through sheer weariness her head dropped on her hands and she fell into restless slumbers.

She awoke to find herself standing in the hall outside her room. It was night and evidently late for the dimly lighted corridor was silent and empty. Dazed, she raised her hand to her eyes and it was then she noticed that her fingers were grasping something. Noting what it was, she cringed from it with dilating eyes and let it drop noisily to the floor. It was a small revolver. For several minutes—eternities they seemed—Eugène stood as though petrified, shrinking from the sight of it and then glancing furtively about, she picked it up and carried it to her room, then burst into hysterical sobbing. "Had it come to this! God forgive her!—What might she not have done—What had she done in her sleep that her waking senses were unconscious of?



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Had she really been asleep or was she mad, **mad, MAD?** What if—" but she dared not even think of it. All night long some foreboding oppressing her, she questioned herself and was driven half mad by her inability to answer her own questions.

Early in the morning she arose to pick up the paper left at her door. Across the front page in staring black type was printed—"Unknown Murderer Steals Into Apartments of George Burbank, Manufacturer, and Shoots Victim Through Heart." An insane desire to scream wildly filled Eugène's mind but she stifled it to a horrified groan and bracing herself to the task read the full account of the murder. The paper said that the deed had been committed sometime after midnight and the intruder had evidently entered by way of the apartments on the back street. The motive was unknown but it had not been robbery, for nothing was missing. When she finished reading she felt strangely benumbed. Dumbly she sought to think things out but her mind would not travel beyond the point that the incriminating evidence against her was overwhelming. Again and again she told herself that she was innocent but always that small voice within her cried tauntingly, "How do you know?" and she could not answer it. One idea filled her mind—to escape—to get away from it all.

Eugène never knew how the next two months passed, how she escaped suspicion by her hasty flight from New York on the boat bound to France. Once back in her native though unremembered past, she established herself in a tiny cottage in the small and obscure village of R—. She was afraid of herself and of what she might do. She was afraid of outsiders for she thought them suspicious of her.

Several years our heroine lived thus in the village. True—her neighbors wondered at her seclusion and had they known of the battles fought behind the cool, abstracted gaze Eugène de Villers turned on them, they would have wondered still more. The awful shock had left the girl's mind deranged and her forced idleness, haunting fear, and continued brooding did not improve the mental derangement. What had she done that the world should treat her thus! But this is a strange old world, the unexpected is always happening to call us from our own inglorious pasts to the vivid realities of the present.

The European war broke out and Eugene saw in the call for volunteer nursing, a field of work which offered a temporary release (and perhaps a permanent one, who knew) from the harassing thoughts which were rapidly driving her insane. Fate also had a hand in this.

David Lowe, at the beginning of the war, found his studies at the Medical College in Vienna interrupted. His first thought was to get back to the United States but he got no further than France before his keen interest in surgery was aroused by the tasks he saw all about him. Since he had no home ties whatever, he decided to enter one of the hospitals at the front. He was a fine specimen of American manhood. Of a tall athletic build with a strong face and a stronger personality. It was no wonder that aside from his surgical skill he became a great favorite with the hospital staff.

It was here that Eugène de Villers crossed his life. But how changed she was—the vital interest in her work had given her a new lease on the life she had detested and she had almost forgotten her own misery in the misery she saw all about her.



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One day with a swift return of memory, the bitterness of it all came back to her. David Lowe asked Eugène to marry him. With all her heart she wanted to accept but dared not exchange her own name smirched with murder for his. For days she pondered her answer and at last she told him the story which had been eating out her heart and mind for five years. In vain did he argue that she could not possibly have committed the crime, that she was justified if she had committed it, that he did not care if a thousand such deeds hung over her head. Eugène was obdurate and refused to marry him as long as such a Damoclean dagger hung over her.

One night when both Eugène and Dr. Lowe were on duty, they were called to the bedside of a dying man. He was a Frenchman who had been pulled out of the gutters of Paris and marshalled into service, but he had evidently lived in America at some time for he spoke American slang. He tossed restlessly on the narrow cot, groaning and muttering. Finally he begged for a stimulant saying he had a confession to make. Both doctor and nurse were used to having the confessions of dying men poured into their ears so the dose was given. At first the man could not speak very connectedly but at last, rallying all his strength he told his story to the two watchers: "God knows, I did it for my fellows whom he wronged. He was a beast and Heaven bears witness I have attoned for the crime, if crime it was. I have sulked, I have hidden myself like a rat in its hole. But I will tell you. It was night—dark. It was in the American New York. I saw my chance so I slipped into the back of the house and stole to his rooms. I saw him sitting reading with his ugly black eyes—he who had already killed two men by overwork. I shot him through the heart, then I ran away. The papers called him George Burbank, the manufacturer, but I knew him—the beast—the devil. It was a hot night. Ah—I see it all now." With a groan the man fell back on his pillow, dead. The two witnesses of his words looked incredulously at each other. Thy mystery was cleared—his death had meant life for them both—life and love. The burden which had bowed Eugene's head was lifted and she was a new woman.

Two joyful days past and then in the midst of her happiness, Fate, playing with the threads of human destinies broke that of Eugene de Villers—she was struck down by an exploding shell, and died almost instantly. The tragic life on which Fate had smiled only for a moment was snuffed out.

At twilight three figures stood beside an open grave looking down on the peaceful face of a beautiful woman. One of the figures lingered longer than the others, and perhaps, as he looked on the still features, a tear fell—who shall say?

A NARROW ESCAPE.

By J. Kinner Blitz, '16.

Phyllis Stapleford of Indianapolis, Ind., goes to Washington for a visit with uncle and aunt, Congressman

and Mrs. William Jameson. Her letters to her chum, Dorothy Bennett, are now for the first time submitted

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to the readers of The Caldron, through the courtesy of J. Kinner Blitz, '16.

Parkview Court,
Washington, D. C., Apr. 26, 1915.
Hello Dot!

Does that sound natural, coming from such a distance? I don't suppose it does, but it's the best I can do, so there. It is horribly late, and I ought to be in bed, but I just have to tell you what a wonderful city Washington is. I don't think I ever saw a more beautiful or more imposing city than this, and I know I am going to have a grand good time. Uncle Will couldn't get down to the train to meet me because Aunt May is ill, so he sent his secretary, an awfully good looking chap named Stanley Martin (I got the "Stanley" off his card.) Did I say he was good looking? Yes—well, he is except that his nose is just a trifle too large; but, anyway, he is very nice. We took a short automobile ride, just long enough for me to get an idea of what the town is like, and then came here.

After dinner, Uncle Will didn't want to leave Auntie, so he had Mr. Martin take me to the theatre. It was a terribly thrilling affair, and I haven't got over it yet.

You don't know how wonderful it is to be here, after all my wishing and hoping; and I feel more delighted every minute.

Well, I must stop now and go to bed, as I want to do some more shopping tomorrow, if Aunt May can go. And while I think about it, was it a pink or blue scarf you wanted? I always get mixed up on things like that. I shall probably write you again tomorrow or next day, so goodbye till then.

As ever,
Phyl.

P. S. They have to take Aunt May to the hospital, as she has appendicitis, and an operation is necessary at once. Isn't that just too bad? Uncle Will says that I mustn't let it interfere with my visit, though, as Mr. Martin will take charge of me.

* * *

April 28, 1915.


Most Beloved:—

I happen to have just a few minutes, so I shall dash off a short note to you. I have been on the go nearly all the time that I haven't slept. Yesterday, I shopped all morning in company with Mr. Martin. They have the finest stores here you can imagine, and Mr. Martin is simply a dear to shop with, as he never gets the least bit impatient, no matter how long I keep him waiting.

In the afternoon we attended a reception given by the wife of one of the senators, and I met all sorts of wonderful people—army and navy officers (the best looking things you ever saw) senators and their wives, and lots of nice society people. I even met President Wilson himself; he is not at all as serious a person as I supposed, but one can see that he is somewhat worried over the war.

We also took a short auto ride, and attended a theatre in the evening, where we saw a performance of "Hamlet." It was really quite a pleasant change from most of the plays we see now.

I got to bed so late that I slept till noon, and right afterwards Mr. Martin took me out to the Arlington Navy Yard, where we saw some immense battleships, and one of the largest wireless stations in the world. When Mr. Martin told the operator who he was, that individual let me listen for a few minutes. I couldn't hear anything but a buzz-buzz, but



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anyway, it was wireless, and that's all I wanted.

When we returned, I went to the hospital to see Auntie. She rallied nicely from the operation, but of course she will not be out of bed for two or three weeks more.

Tonight I am going with Uncle Will to a dinner given by Mrs. Harvey Watkins, one of the richest women, I understand, in town. I must finish dressing, so au revoir. Write soon to

Your chum,
Phyl.

P. S. How silly of you Dorothy Bennett! Where did you get that absurd idea that anything might come of my going around Washington with a good looking young man? It's perfectly absurd.

* * *

April 29, 1915.

Dearest Chum:—

O, Dot, I've the most wonderful news to tell you! I know you can't guess what it is, so I'll relieve your suspense right now—Mr. Martin has saved my life! Yes, it's perfectly true. This morning he brought around two beautiful black horses, and we went riding. We were going quite gayly down Pennsylvania Avenue, when some one in an auto sounded a Klaxon right behind me. My horse bolted at once, and before I knew it I was shooting down street faster than I ever went before. It wouldn't have been half bad but that I knew the horse was running away, and I wasn't sure whether he'd ever stop or not. My hat blew off, and my hair streamed out behind me like a banner. It was all quite exciting. Suddenly a policeman dashed out in front of me, waving his arms madly; but this evidently frightened the horse more than ever, so that the beast stopped and wheeled suddenly,

nearly throwing me off, and then started back the way he had come. Mr. Martin had followed on his horse, and now he jumped off, just before I got to where he stood. At the exact moment he ran out and grasped the horse's bridle, holding on like grim death; I thought sure he was going to be killed, and I screamed perfectly awful. But the dead weight at his head made the horse stop very soon, and, half-fainting, I fairly fell into Mr. Martin's arms.

A huge crowd had gathered, and almost carrying me, Mr. Martin had to force his way to a taxi. He had the horses fastened behind, and we took them back to the livery stable. I was more unnerved than I supposed, and stayed in nearly all afternoon reading, while Mr. Martin went off to do some work for Uncle Will. Late in the day I walked over to see Aunt May and read to her for a little while. I have just about finished dressing for a ball tonight given by Mr. and Mrs. Rex Courtlandt. Uncle Will is unable to attend, so Mr. Martin will call for me pretty soon, and act as my escort.

Yours in haste,
Phyl.

* * *

May 1, 1915.

Dearest Dot:—

I'm heartily ashamed of myself, but I've been just too busy to write you till now. I slept most of yesterday morning, and then went to the hospital, where I read to Aunt May till lunch time. Mr. Martin and I played golf all afternoon, and had a splendid time. He beat me on strokes, but I won the most holes.

In the evening there was a dinner party to which I went, Mr. Martin, as usual, taking the part of escort. Do you know, I think that man likes

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me? I don't know why I think so, but I noticed a peculiar expression in his eyes when he stopped my horse the other day. However, there was nothing more than that, as he has never betrayed himself in any other way, and is always a perfect gentleman. Anyway, though, I am almost afraid to go to the Morehouse ball this evening; I have an idea that he may propose to me, especially since I am going home tomorrow evening. Of course, he is very nice, and all that, but I don't know whether I really and truly like him or not. But banish care—"let joy be unconfined!"

I did some more shopping this afternoon, and I have enough new things now to last quite a while. Dinner will be ready in a few minutes, so I must close with love from
Phyl.

* * *

May 2, 1915.

Most Beloved Chum:—

O Dot, you can't imagine how awfully things have turned out. He didn't propose to me last night at all—in fact, he never even came near it, although he had several perfectly dandy chanees. And there I was, all keyed up to the point of saying—well that's none of your business anyway, Miss Dorothy Bennett—and nothing happened at all. I still thought that he might have wished to wait till he said good-bye at the station tonight (Unele Will is going to be very busy), but even this last hope (?) was shattered when I went to the hospital this afternoon (I slept till 12:30) to say good-bye to Aunt May.

I told her what a peachy time I've had, and she said she was glad I'd enjoyed myself, and "how did I like Mr. Martin?"

I think he's quite nice," I replied,

"but tell me, is it usual for young lady visitors in Washington to go around in the company of good looking secretaries, without a chaperon or anything?"

"O, my no, not always, I hope," was the reply. "But it's all right in this case, because Mr. Martin has been married for nearly two years."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather. I was simply numb with astonishment, and all I could gush out was, "Why, he never told me about it."

"Didn't he? It must have slipped his mind then, because I think he said something about taking you out to the house. You've probably kept him on the go so much, though, that he didn't have time."

I was gradually recovering my equilibrium, and managed to say, "Doesn't his wife care what he does?"

"O no," answered Aunt May, "she knows that your Unele Will often asks him to do queer things, but she never objects. She's really quite nice, and Unele Will couldn't get along without Stanley."

And in this way the budding romance was killed. I hope there wasn't anything strange in my manner as I left, but anyway Auntie said nothing about it, so I'm still hoping. She is much better today, and can sit up, the doctor says, in a day or so more.

I must finish this letter now, and then say good-bye to Unele Will, as he must leave soon to fill his engagement. I certainly hope I can say good-bye to Mr. Martin tonight, and thank him properly, but I have my doubts.

You may expect me the day after tomorrow on the four-fifteen special in the afternoon, as I shall stop at



Youngstown to see Cousin Jane. Till then, try not to laugh at

Your humiliated ehum,

Phyl.

P. S. I didn't want him very bad

anyway, so there! His nose is much too large, and I have certainly had a narrow escape. I shudder to think of what might have happened if he hadn't been married.

"AND THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST."

By J. Edward Spiegel, 1916.

And there they found him, spluttering in the horses' drinking trough yelling, "Man the life-boats," "women and children first," etc. Gerald Madison, and Fuzzy Holmes, after laughing a duet, picked the dripping figure out of the fountain, supported him part way, and dragged him the rest, up to their room, where after a weary time, they succeeded in getting him in bed. Who he was or what his business, neither knew.

The next morning when the two room-mates were ready to go to their classes, they bethought themselves of their friend whom they had rescued from a watery grave. Fuzzy looked in at him, but the saw mill was working full blast, so they tramped out of their room, and off to their first hour of misery. Of course chapel always started the day.

After chapel services, the fellows all met outside, and predicted everything from the outcome of the war to the result of the inter-house field meet.

"Huh," drawled one, "guess Ladmore's got it cinched."

"Should say so. Why little Geraldine Madison and Fuzzy Holmes are the only good athletes of Madison House."

"You shut up, Skinny, wait till you see us in action, and then all the points will flutter Hull Houseward."

"Ah, tie your little bull outside,

When they arrived at their room after the second recitation, their acquaintance of the night before was silently viewing the trophies, won by Fuzzy and Gerald in their attempts to put their college on the map. He turned around as they entered and surveyed them critically. The two room-mates responded by giving him the once-over. He was of a medium build, smooth-shaven, noticeably good-looking, and above all, had an athletic bearing.

Fuzzy in an attempt to end the awkward silence, stuttered, "I-I-ah-we-ah-that is, well we hated to see such a brave man go down with the ship, so we-ah-well, rescued you." A short pause and then, "We hope you won't—"

"That's all right," interrupted their new companion. "That was silly of me, I suppose, but you know all fools aren't dead, and before you, you behold one in Jaek Conway," and he extended his hand toward Fuzzy. Fuzzy shook it and said, "My name's Fuzzy Holmes, this side show attraction is Gerald Madison."

"Glad to know you, Holmes—you too, Madison," and his smile won both of them instantly.

Al. You never saw our gang in their perjamas, otherwise you wouldn't have made that vain boast."

"Well, all that I got to say is, that

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the first one will be Ladmore, and the last one will be Madison. See you later, fellows, for it's a long, long way to Chemistry. S'long." And with a big commotion, the group separated and started for their respective classes.

A little later Gerald and Fuzzy came out of the door, took note of the time, and with an easy, graceful stride, sprinted across the campus, despite the proverbial sign, "Please."

"You know, Gerald's father was the donor of this house to the college. Oh, excuse me, have a chair," and all three settled down in the most uncomfortable chairs the room afforded.

The new arrival started the conversation. "I've seen you both before, heard more of you," he began. "You see, I'm only a sophomore, and have seen you both in athletic events. You've certainly got some collection there," and he waved his arm in the direction of the trophies.

The conversation progressed, and soon it drifted to the subject of the inter-house meet. Fuzzy and Gerald sobered up instantly. Upon inquiring, Jack discovered that the Madison House had little chance to win, because of the lack of athletic spirit and material was depressing.

"I'll tell you what," Jack remarked, "there's just three weeks before the meet. Now I happen to know a vacancy in this house, and I'll move in. You see, I have been boarding in town, and the move will be easily accomplished. I happen to know something about athletics, and between the three of us, we ought to lick the likely candidates into shape."

"Sure," agreed Fuzzy.

"Great mind," sanctioned Gerald.

The three put their heads together,

and had all things arranged within an hour.

The day of the meet came at last, and with it came the friends of all those interested. Gerald's sister, Vera, came, and became the center of attraction for Madison House. Just as the crowd was starting for the field, Jack sauntered along. Of course he had to be introduced to Vera, both being such fine looking people. But Vera, instead of acknowledging the introduction, turned around, and walked away. This seemed to be the last straw, and Jack turned and ran pell-mell for the field. Gerald, with a puzzled look on his face, followed in his wake. "Either Jack or sis is cracked," murmured Gerald softly.

To make a long story short, the meet zig-zagged between Madison and Stone for first honors, and the second last event put Stone ahead by a small margin. In order to win the meet, Madison must take first and second place in the last event, the mile. For each house there were three representatives, and Jack, Fuzzy and Gerald, toed the mark for Madison. This race was a farce as Jack, Fuzzy and Gerald were so far ahead that they lined up, three abreast, and bravely marched up to the tape, and broke it at the same time. Then they ran back, and mockingly encouraged the stragglers. The whole crowd was in an uproar of mirth, and weren't satisfied until the three had been paraded around on their shoulders for a while.

That evening the three were indulging in a game of cards, in Gerald's room when Vera entered. Going up to Jack she exclaimed, "Well, I suppose you are forgiven now, Fred?"

"His name isn't Fred, sis, it's



Jack," Gerald exclaimed.

"Now you're wrong, Gerald," Jack said, "I'll let your sister tell you the story."

"Well, it's just like this," Vera began, sitting down in a chair. "In the first place, his name isn't Jack Conway, but Fred Phillips, brother of Bob Phillips, Harvard's crack track man, and all around athlete.

That's how you won today, I suppose, because Fred is almost as good as his brother. He had an awful habit of 'living high' as I expressed it (here Gerald and Fuzzy exchanged winks) and I told him, that not until he cut it out, and got in athletics could he marry me. Oh, don't get excited, Gerald, for I want you and your friend to meet Fred Phillips, my future husband."

EXTRACTS FROM THE DAIRY OF A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.

By Florence F. Pickard, '16.

May 2, 1915.

I scarcely know how to begin to tell about the happenings of the last few weeks—a very slight incident almost resulted in a great misfortune. Julie Keenan came running up to me and said, "Marge! What do you think, some one has taken my History map book, and you know it is due today." (Yes, I knew that well enough as I had sat up until midnight trying to finish mine.) "What shall I do?" I met her again that afternoon and asked her if she had found it. "No, I haven't," she said, "but I went in and told Miss White (the history teacher) and she was perfectly lovely about it. She said she thought it would be returned soon and I should not worry about it as she wouldn't lower my grade since it was not my fault. I sure do think it was nice of her. When I told Mr. Richards, he made this announcement: 'Some one has lost a map book; of course she is willing people should copy it but she would like it returned at their earliest convenience.'"

That was Thursday. Friday, Monday and Tuesday passed and still nothing was heard of Julie's map

book. Wednesday I met Julie again. She looked worried. "You know," she said, "I found my map book. Where do you suppose it was—in Marie Martin's desk. Isn't that queer? I never thought she was that kind of a girl." I certainly didn't think so, either, and so asked her if she herself had found it there. "No," she replied, "but Miran Smith did." Then I wanted to know what he was doing there. "O! I don't know but he found it there and told Mr. Richards Marie had taken it. She insisted, when he questioned her, that she knew nothing about it. Somehow Miss White heard who had taken Julie's map book and Marie got a terrible lecture about stealing other people's work, and how it was the worst kind of stealing, etc. You know Marie is so timid she never said a word in self-defense. I don't see why Miran had to tell, do you?" I certainly did not.

That was all I heard about the map book for the time being, but when I came to school a day or so later, I saw a bunch of girls standing in the cloak hall, talking in whispers. They looked startled for a moment when they heard footsteps, but when

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they saw it was I, they all began telling me what had happened. Catherine had left some money in her desk over night and it was gone the next morning. As it was quite a large sum, there was a great deal of fuss about it. It hadn't been found, but some one had seen Marie at Catherine's desk after four o'clock. All this they told me then. Of course, this meant they suspected Marie had taken it. Later I heard Mr. Richards questioning Catherine; she was positive she had left the money in her desk; she also thought Marie had take it. Mr. Richards told her she had no right to blame any one until she was sure who had really done it. He tried to keep it from spreading, but of course, he couldn't. He questioned Marie closely but could get nothing out of her except that she had never seen or heard of the money, nor had she been at Catherine's desk; however, she had stayed in the school after four o'clock. Soon the news spread like wild-fire, and every one was pointing to and shunning Marie. I certainly did feel sorry for her.

Thursday, Miss White had Marie, Julie and Miran hand their map books in again. We thought this was mighty funny. Then next day in the class room we understood why she had done it. "Miran Smith, there is your map book—what did you mean by taking Miss Keenan's book?" Miran just gasped and started to deny it but Miss White didn't wait for him to finish. "Yes you did," she said, "There was a queer mistake in Miss Keenan's book and I noticed the same one in yours.

You know yours was late in coming in. I went over the three again and found your mistakes and Miss Keenan's were exactly the same and not at all like Miss Martin's"

Well I was mighty glad he got what he deserved and this cleared up some of Marie's supposed guilt—but what had become of the money?

Still nothing turned up and Marie was growing pale and thin from worrying about it. Friday was the night of the Senior play. We had been practicing for it for several weeks. Now that the time had come we were all excited and rushed around like chickens without heads. Suddenly we heard an excited scream. "What's the matter," we all demanded at once. We found Catherine sitting on the floor, gazing intently at a pocket book which she held in her hand. "Is that the pocket book you lost?" "Yes!" she exclaimed. "Where did you find it and is the money still in it?" "Yes, I found it right here on the floor. How do you suppose it got here?" "You must have dropped it some time when we were practicing and you never left it in your desk at all."

Catherine certainly was lovely about it; she went right up and told Marie she had found it and that it was all her own fault. She even had Mr. Richards explain it before every one. After that she and Marie were the best of friends and not only that but there has been very few things missing lately and when there is no one accuses the other person of stealing them. It is a mighty ill wind that blows nobody good.



Editorials

After a space of twenty-six years, during which Professor C. T. Lane has presided over the destinies of the Fort Wayne High School, this June marks the first class to graduate under the direction of Professor Louis C. Ward. Last February, when Professor Lane was compelled to take an indefinite leave of absence on account of failing health, Mr. Ward was the unanimous choice of all concerned, teachers and scholars alike, to be his successor. To say that Mr. Ward has been highly successful in his new position is to put it entirely too mildly. "Louie," to use the language of the common people, "is just great." As Physiography teacher with his never-ending good humor, jovial wit and unlimited assortment of funny anecdotes, he was always a great favorite, but as principal he has become even more so. His sound judgment and reasonable methods of dealing with fractions pupils show that he has not forgotten that he was a school-boy once himself; and the result is that there exists a spirit of comradeship between him and the students which is uncommonly found. He answers their questions cheerfully and kindly, and enjoys their sports and pranks as much as they do themselves. Withal he can be firm and severe when necessity calls for firm decisions, but



no one has ever yet been found to say that he or she did not receive a "square and honest deal" from Mr. Ward. May he continue on the path to popularity and glory, and achieve even greater success than he now has.

In another part of this book will be noted an article dealing with the Social Council, in which it is stated that said organization has been of great value to the school by means of having done away with our old class dances and substituted class parties in their place. With this view of the subject we heartily and cordially disagree; and it is our further humble opinion that by so doing the Social Council has done the school a distinct injury.

ANOTHER SIDE TO THE QUESTION

It is said that the class parties are more democratic than the dances used to be. No doubt they are. But certainly the added democracy cannot atone for the fact that our high school has lost one of the most important social features usually connected with school life. The Council admits that dancing is a proper form of amusement, inasmuch as they countenance, if not actually favor it, at their own class parties. However, the poor floors and the joyous strains of a Victrola, which cannot be heard at a distance greater than its own diameter, makes conditions such that few care to dance, with the result that we hear, "Class parties are such slow affairs."

Another result of class parties is the doing away with the opportunity of inter-class gatherings. It often happens that there is little companionship among the membership of a class, as a result of which many such parties are not pleasing to the class as a whole. Surely, then, the putting an end to class dances and incidentally to the intermingling of the various classes, was a grievous mistake rather than an accomplishment.

Furthermore, the Social Council has established by means of its wonderful class parties the longed-for feat of closing young people's entertainments at half-past ten o'clock. Now, for this alone, if for no other reason, they should be highly satisfied with themselves. Because of the unwillingness of our industrious janitors to stay up a couple of hours later than their accustomed bed-hour without feeling entitled to several weeks' salary for so doing, and also as a result of the delicate prudence of some of our worthy teachers and pupils, the rest of the school, many of whom are permitted to fare forth as many as one evening per week, find themselves returning from a quarterly social event at the awful hour of ten-thirty o'clock. We, being perhaps just a little radical in our views, are of the firm and steadfast opinion that the Juniors' parties and those of the Seniors especially ought to be closed promptly at nine o'clock; and furthermore that the lights of the Commencement Dance should hereafter be darkened not later than eleven o'clock. Thus would the grades and standings be substantially increased and a greater degree of satisfaction would prevail in all quarters.

We by no means desire to cast reflection upon any part of any advantage which the Social Council has brought to our high school. However, the foregoing facts ought to be enough to remind us that the system must undergo a great change before it attains any great degree of proficiency. For instance, would it not be easily possible to have dances as well as class parties, and perhaps, to have a party now and then which could be attended by the whole

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school, and thirdly, to make a resolution not to try to conflict with the rule of years in the matter of closing hours for social entertainments. With these few changes alone, surely there can be no doubt but that the advantages of our social system would be in a great measure increased.

Although so small and insignificant as to hardly be worthy of mention, nevertheless it does not seem right to permit the school year to come to a close without at least one small attempt to give the Corner
THE LOAFER'S CLUB Loafers Club at least some minor part of the ridicule and criticism it deserves. As long as the high school has been an institution among the public schools of Fort Wayne, just so long has it been harrassed and annoyed by that crowd of useless unworthies who have frequented the Clinton Street corner along the Hamilton fence noon in and noon out. What must be their ambition in life is probably so lofty that it passes far above the heads of us more thrifless people who spend our time in the session room studying when we might be down at the corner concocting some great schemes to benefit the human race. To see this row of worthless loafers, standing idly along the fence, constantly puffing at half-penny cigarettes between oaths showing uncommon skill in the art, and attempting at the same time to deluge with saliva those unfortunate enough to have to pass along that way, almost makes one sigh and feel that all the fools on earth are living yet, and moreover that they are all assembled in person on that very corner.

Eligibility to membership in the Street Corner Club is very simple indeed. One must need only to smoke incessantly, and incidentally be able to say that he has smoked so long that his brains were entirely consumed this or that many years ago, the greater number of years being the better commendation for membership. Moreover, the members of this and of similar clubs lead the world in ability to skip school, forge excuses, and other equally as creditable tricks of seventeen and eighteen year old babies. Suspensions are a very regular occurence among the membership of this club, and the list of those having left school contains an amazing percentage of former members. In disrespect to parents they are in a class by themselves. Strangely enough to relate, it happens now and then that one of the members happens to secure a "fat" G— in some isolated subject. However, G—'s are rare, and a case of a club member getting any higher is often sufficient cause for a stroke of apoplexy upon said unfortunate individual.

These are only a few of the general characteristics of the Loafer's Club. By them one may see that to be enrolled among it's membership is certainly a great honor, one which should earnestly be sought by all thoughtful students.

This year the fifty-first class is graduated from the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School. The Class of 1915 comprises ninety-six members, out of something over two hundred and fifty who started with them in September of 1911. It would doubtless be of some interest to examine the acquirements and accomplishments of a high school graduate, and discover if possible to what degree he has acquired what could be termed "a high school success." The subject is a broad one, and its importance requires that a close and careful consideration should be given it before venturing an answer to



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the inquiry suggested.

In the first place, it ought to be said for the encouragement of all who graduate, that merely to have graduated is in itself a distinct triumph. This point was readily proven above, when it was noted that, in the case of the 1915 class, only ninety-six out of an approximate two hundred and fifty starters, had completed their high school course. Then each one who has graduated in the class of 1915, has been one of forty per cent; and it is highly probable that an average would strike the correct rate to be even less than forty per cent.

Notwithstanding this fact, it is only too true that many students have become high school graduates whose high school careers were dismal failures in more ways than one; and it is also to be noted that to be one of the forty per cent is not of prime importance or even a great accomplishment, as is shown by the miserable qualifications of many high school graduates. Success, as far as high school goes, should be judged in many ways.

Let us first consider the question, "Of how great educational value has it been to you?" for it should not be overlooked that the main object of going to school is to equip ourselves to be better men and women by virtue of superior knowledge gained thereby. Reader, what have you learned? Have you acquired any knowledge out of your high school course which will be of aid to you in later life? Or have you received any mental discipline as a result of some earnest endeavor on your part, which will make you a stronger and better man or woman? Have you passed your examinations, obtained the necessary grades and arrived at graduation because you have studied and learned enough to earn it, or are you going to graduate by virtue of having copied enough here or cheated enough there, or by sliding through by other unfair means to secure the sufficient number of credits, although equipped with little or no actual knowledge, and even less of mental discipline? It is self-evident, is it not, that one who graduates in this way can not claim to have achieved any marked degree of success in his high school career. And yet judging graduates critically and frankly we must necessarily conclude that by far the greater majority belong to this class. Much more could be said bearing upon the success of scholarship, but enough at least has been suggested to furnish material for thought.

However it might well be said that an element even more important is the general influence which high school has had upon your habits, whether for good or bad. Look back over your own high school life. Have your ideals been elevated or lowered as a result of it. Only too often, high schools have brought about the ruination of many excellent ideals and habits, which the Freshman brought from his home and grade schools. Are the pleasures which your high school life has taught you always above reproach? The important thing is merely this: If high school has made your ideals lower than they were when you entered, surely it has not been of value to you, and you cannot truthfully claim that you consider your four years spent in it a success.

Another element in high school success, as a broad subject, is what degree of success you have attained in the way of popularity or as we generally say, importance, if it can literally be styled that. In brief, have you become a "somebody," or were you always a "nobody." The valedictorianship, presidency or similar honors in a class would doubtless tend to point to at least partial success on the part of their procurers. Many times, the recog-



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nized "leaders" of a high school became the leaders in the business and social world of tomorrow. Of course, it is probably just as often that these leaders in their high school careers turn to be failures when a more serious test is placed upon them, but the fact is not altered that to be a leader is always better than to be one "who just follows along."

But there has still been one element overlooked, which in many respects is considerably more important than any of the others. This is the matter of friends. Every high school student adds somewhat to the number of friends and acquaintances which he had in the grades. And it is these friends who do much toward determining the extent of one's success. What kind of friends are those whom you have made? Did you pick them from among those who made at least some serious effort and were above the average morally and mentally, or did you choose your friends from among those below this average? This question is an important one, because as we all know, "A man is known by the company he keeps." It is for this reason that we should be somewhat careful in the choice of our friends. And beyond this, there are two other points in regard to friends: first, how many one has, and secondly, whether they are friends worth having or not. There are many degrees of friendship, but it is only the one in whom you can trust and confide, and who likes you for what you are and not for what you have, that is of real value. One who has a host of true friends is rich indeed, but he who is surrounded by a by a flock of half-hearted and so-called friends who fail in the hour of need, might almost as well be solitary. Which class do your friends come under? And moreover, how many true "bosom" friends have you gained? Even a few will go far toward attaining a success.

And, in connection with the subject of friends, do you hold at least the respect and good will of many other acquaintances, whom you might know only partially, or whom you would not class as positive friends? Have you made many such acquaintances? Or must you feel that people in general bear a feeling of hostility or dislike towards you? Remember, this is also one element in trying to determine whether you have made your high school life as creditable as you might have. Be frank with yourself, and try to decide how many real staunch friendships you have formed, and also from about how many you have respect, good-wishes, or perhaps even admiration. It is quite largely in these terms that we can determine "High School Success."

But there is still another element, which unfortunately is overlooked much too often by young people of the present day. Have you brought pleasure or disappointment to your parents by means of your high life? This is really an intensely serious question, and ought to have an important influence on the subject in discussion. Did you bring them home failing report cards to add to their anxiety; or were you reported for "skipping" and other misdemeanors with the same result? or, perchance, was it your idleness, frivolity, or even extravagance that brought them pain or grief? Surely you would not like to say that you had made a prosperous termination to your high school life, if you had thus brought care and troubles to your parents?

There are without a doubt other elements which might be dealt with, but we look upon the foregoing as the most important. Reader, what have you made or are you making of **your** high school life? These few points may help you to decide how much of a success it has been. Figure it out for yourself.

The Class of 1915



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The members of the class of 1915 are indebted in a great measure to all the teachers of the Fort Wayne High School who directly or indirectly contributed to their education. They have one and all been kind and considerate, forbearing and patient, at times beyond measure, and ever anxious that our work should be thorough and our understanding of it not clouded. But to one teacher in particular, the members of the class are indebted because of the deep interest she always manifested in us and her



untiring efforts to help us to succeed. She was patient yet positive, kind and yet severe. She ever encouraged us to be industrious and beyond all else, to be honest and good. She befriended us willingly and even anxiously, sympathizing in the hour of need and criticizing when criticism was due, always kindly and in that manner which only she knows. Therefore, to her, Mary Harrah, our teacher, the Senior record is hereby affectionately dedicated.



The Senior Directory

CLASS OFFICERS

H. STANLEY HUNTING.....President	MARIAN V. BASH.....Sec'y and Treas.
THOSS P. DIFFENDORFER....Vice-Pres.	WALTER N. GELLER..Sergeant-at-Arms

CLASS COLORS—SCARLET AND WHITE

CLASS FLOWER—RICHMOND ROSE

CLASS MOTTO

“Vincemus”

CLASS YELL

Ki Yi, Ki Yi, Ki Flimmity Bim,
Come out in the woods, sandpaper your chin.
We're wild, we're wooly, we're rough like a saw.
Nineteen-fifteen, Rah, Rah, Rah.

FACULTY ADVISORS

LOUIS C. WARD

HARRY A. THOMAS

SOCIAL COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES

ROBERT C. HALL

DOROTHY SAVIERS

DOROTHY KNIGHT

IN CHARGE OF THE CLASS'S CALDRON

WILLARD R. SHAMBAUGH.....	Editor-in-Chief
HAZEN H. JOHNSTON	Business Manager

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Harold Stanley Hunting. "Stan."

Class President Junior and Senior years; Vice President Sophomore year; Asst. Business Manager of Caldron; Senior Play Committee; Commencement Dance Committee; Social Council; Math Club. Love is a sickness full of woes, all remedies refusing.

Thoss Percy Diffendorfer. "Diff."

Class Vice President Senior year; Varsity Basket ball team Junior and Senior (Capt.) years; Caldron Staff; Social Council; Commencement Dance Committee.

The reason firm, a temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.

Marian Victoria Bash. "Bashy."

Class Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore, Junior and Senior years; Honor student; Caldron Staff; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Commencement Dance Committee; Varsity Basket Ball Junior (Capt.) and Senior Years; Social Council. A perfect woman, nobly planned.

Walter Neal Geller. "Hunk."

Class; Sergeant-at-Arms; Senior Play Caldron Staff; Varsity Basket Ball Team; Property Man Senior Play.

A man, he seems, of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

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Willard Robertson Shambaugh. "Bill."

Honor Student; Editor-in-Chief of Caldron; Caldron Reporter Junior Year; President Platonians 3 Terms; Vice President Pi Gammas 3 Terms; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Commencement Dance Committee; Math Club.

He'll keep his honesty and truth,
His brilliancy of tongue and pen,
And move, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Dorothy Knight.

Assistant Editor of Caldron; Caldron Reporter Freshmen, Sophomore and Junior Years; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Math Club; Sorosis.

Delight and liberty, her simple creed.

Hazen Henry Johnston.

Business Manager of Caldron; Senior Play Committee; Commencement Dance Committee; Treasurer Math Club 1 Term; Treasurer Pi Gammas 2 Terms; Vice President Timothy Club.

And when a lady's in the case, you
know all other things give place.

Isabel Margaret Harvuot. "Izzy."

Too fair to worship, too divine to
love.



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Thelma Amanda Baird. "Shorty."

Those who talk most sometimes have
the least to say.

Gertrude Elisabeth Barth. "Barthy."

Honor Student; Caldron Staff; 'Varsity
Basket Ball Team; Commencement
Dance Committee.

She was ever fair and never proud;
she had tongue at will and yet was
never loud.

Edna Marguerite Bashelier. "Ed."

A smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires.

Gertrude Rauh Beierlein. "Trudchen."

Salutatorian of Class.

Of studie took she most care and
hede;
Noght a word spake she more than
was nede,
And gladly wolde she lerne and
gladly teche.

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Esther Sophia Bill.

“Bill.”

Happy am I; from care I'm free.
Why ar'nt they all contented like
me?

Robert Eugene Bitner.

“Bob.”

Vice President Platonians 2 Terms.
His armour is his honest thought.

Lillian Belle Blackstone.

“Blackie.”

Sorosis.

I have immortal longings in me.

Jeannette Angeline Boshier.

Math Club; Commencement Dance Com.
Giggle and grow great.





Katherine Elizabeth Branham.

Sorosis.

A person whose wisdom is not derived from instruction.

Wilma Brueckner.

“Brick.”

Math Club; 'Varsity Basket Ball Team
Junior and Senior Years.

For nature made her
What she is—a lovable woman.

Hazel Marie Bromelmeier.

Math Club.

Of a noble, modest nature.

Herbert Adolph Buck.

“Herb.”

A noble youth of blood and bone.

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Evelyn Marie Certia.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in
her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

Alvin Ray Clapp.

Math Club.
A man of upright life.

Herschell Roger Coil. "Hersch."
A moral, sensible and well-bred man.

Samuel Cook. "Sam."
A man of mark.



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Ralston Elmer Craig.

For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Orpha Margaret Davis.

As pure as a pearl and as perfect,
A noble and innocent girl.

Jennie Alma Duemling. "Jennie."

'Varsity Basket Ball Junior and Senior
(Capt.) Teams.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot
see
The petty follies they themselves
commit.

Walter Scott Foster. "Fuzzy."

I was not born for courts or great
affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my
prayers.

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Carl Henry Gerke.

"Turk."

To succeed you must earnestly desire;
 And this desire must shorten thy sleep.

Merlin Russell Granger.

"Midge."

He seems to be a man sprung from himself.

Robert Campbell Hall.

"Bob."

Senior Play; Senior Play Committee;
 Social Council; Math Club; Caldron Staff.

His mirth was a pure spirit of his wit.

Harry William Haller.

"Harry."

Pi Gammas; Platonians; Math Club.

He abounds with pleasing faults.



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Louise Martha Hamlet.

She moves a goddess, and looks a queen.

Clarence Louis Heck.

"Heck."

Assistant Manager Senior Play.
Math Club.

You would readily pronounce him a good man and willingly a great one.

Emma Anna Heinzelman.

"Emmy."

Elegant as simplicity and warm as ecstasy.

Hilda Verdell Hermann.

A sweet disposition is ever a good trait.

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Robert Worthington Hillegass. "Bob."

I never with important air,
In conversation overbear.

Grace Angelia Hoopingarner.

A tender heart; a will inflexible.

Arthur Leslie Jacobs. "Les."

Senior Play; President Timothy Club
1 Term; Caldron Staff; Platonians; Pi
Gammas; Quotations.

When a thing was to be done, he did
it.

Althea Vivian Jillson.

I am modesty personified.



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Adolph George Keller.

The world knows only two, that's
Rome and I.

Chelcie Herbert Kesler.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Bernice Emma Koegel.

"Bernie."

Math Club.

'Varsity Basket Ball.

Courteous though coy, and gentle
though retired.

Omah Lakey.

Gentle of speech, benificent of mind.

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Georgia M. Leedy.

I to myself am dearer than a friend.

Beatrice Trachsel McCrea.

Math Club.

A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty.

Una Ruth Michael.

Her conscience is her strong retreat.

Arthur Leroy Mohler.

"Art."

Honor Student; Senior Play Committee;
Senior Play; Caldron Staff; Math Club;
Commencement Dance Committee; Pi
Gamma.

A very man, endowed with genius
from the gods.



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Esther Neufer.

For her own person,
It beggar'd all description.

William S. O'Rourke, Jr. "Bill"

Business Manager Senior Play; Caldron Staff; Tennis Champion Doubles and Singles; Math Club.

I am not ashamed, as some men are,
to confess
My ignorance of that which I do not
know.

John Ross Parnin. "Parnie."

Math Club.

I value science, none can prize it
more.

Albertus Parker Phipps. "Pipps"

Math Club.

A good mind is concealed within his
unpolished body.

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Artemas Gray Pickard. “Art.”
 Senior Play Committee; Math Club.
 He had a face like a benediction.

Jessie Inez Pitcher.
 Math Club.
 What a spendthrift is she of tongue.

Helen Jane Polhamus.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the
 bow.

George Homer Popp. “Pupp.”
 Cursed be he who moves my bones.



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Garrett Hobart Preston.

My thoughts and my conduct are my own.

Alice May Rabus.

Caldron Staff.

A beautiful face is a silent commendation.

Karl Deveron Rauch.

"Runt."

Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Ringgold Grace Reinewald.

A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.

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Rosella Estella Rhodes. “Rosie.”

Senior Play.

By my giggle ye shall know me.

George Bryson Riker. “Ricker.”

Caldron Staff; Senior Play.

Just beginning to work and anxious
to stop.

Frederick W. Arthur Rodemeyer. “Art.”

Math Club.

Who does the best his circumstance
allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could
do more.

Urta Louise Roush.

A charming woman, indeed.



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Dorothy Elizabeth Saviers. "Sov."

Social Council; Math Club; Sorosis.

Is she not more than painting can
express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they
love?

Harold Ellsworth Saylor. "Hod."

How tartly that gentleman looks.

Ruth Eliza Schultheis.

Honor Student; President Math Club 2
Terms; Senior Play Committee; Senior
Play; Class Prophet; President Shadow
Club.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light;
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly
bright
Than any gem that gilds the mind.

Edmund Gust Seibt. "Ed."

A guardian angel o'er his life pre-
siding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares
dividing.

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Sara Pauline Sellers. “Pauly.”

Oh thou art fairer than the evening
air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand
stars.

Cyril Fontella Sheafer.
Math Club.

A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Elliott Philley Shulze. “Shulzey.”

Senior Play ;Caldron Staff; Secretary
Pi Gammas 2 Terms.

Let the world wag; I take mine ease
in mine inn.

Josephine Louise Smick.

I profess not talking; only this,
Let each man do his best.



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Laurent Brun Smith. **"Smitty."**
Bashfulness is the ornament of youth.



Frederick Paul Spiegel. **"Fritz."**
President Math Club 1 Term.
He could swell the soul to rage or
kindle soft desire.



Bessie Hortence Squires. **"Bessie."**
I prefer silent prudence to loquacious folly.



Jeannette Helen Stemen. **"Jean."**
Math Club.
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn.

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Howard Harold Steup. “Skinny.”
 Class Poet; Math Club.

Nor could his ink flow faster than
 his wit.

Sara Rebecca Stirling. “Sadie.”
 Honor Student; Vice President Soro-
 sis; Math Club.

Whatever is worth doing at all is
 worth doing well.

Carolyn Violet Stover. “Carol.”
 Her cheeks are like the blushing
 cloud that beautifies Aurora's face.

Kathleen Marie Strother. “Kate.”
 Hence, loathed melancholy.



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Hazel Tait.

Math Club.

There's nothing that allays an angry
mind so soon as sweet beauty.

Ralph Havens Taylor. "Shorty."

Treasurer Math Club 1 Term; Treas-
urer Platonians 1 Term.

He's every inch a king.

Victor Albert Thiede. "Vic."

Avoid the dangers of idleness.

Sylvia Mary Trevy.

Beauty is a witch.
Against whose charms faith melteth
into blood.

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Hilda Lydia Umbach.

Valedictorian of Class; Math Club.

Her little body lodges a mighty
mind.

Constance Underhill.

“Con.”

Caldron Staff; Senior Play; Sorosis.

A literary glutton—a great reader.

Dale Vernon Urbine.

He scorns all cares

That fate or fortune bring.

Robert Ellsworth Vernon.

“Bob.”

Caldron Staff; Tennis Champion
(Doubles).

A sound mind and a healthy body.



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Harry William Waterman. "Harry."

Caldron Staff.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Adele Mildred Warner. "Dele."

Honor Student; Math Club.

'Tis not a lip, or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of
all.

Harold Edward Werkman. "Hallie."

The dwarf sees farther than the
giant when he has the giant's
shoulders to mount on.

Juanita Violet Whicker.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin'.

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Lillian Mellor Wilding. “Lil.”

Senior Play; Caldron Staff; Commence-
ment Dance Committee.

She was pretty to walk with, witty
to talk with, and pleasant to think
on too.

Morton Bliss Williams. “Mort.”

Class Historian.

He is at his wit's end.

Ica Mae Wood.

Sorosis.

Rich without pomp, and rich without
a show.

Mary Arden Young. “Youngie.”

The joy of youth and health her eyes
displayed.



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Joseph Dewey Bell.

I am content with what I have, little
be it or much.

Beulah Starkel.

Hence, vain deluding joys.

Elizabeth York.

I bear a charmed life.

John Kohler.

Enduring with a firmness that
defies.

Albert Seibt.

This man is freed from servile
bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall.

Senior Class History

By DOROTHY KNIGHT

We, the Seniors, are just about to gaze solemnly at each other and breathe tragically—"It's all over." Too true! Our four years of high school, which seemed to be stretched out before us in an endless chain in 1911, have passed as swiftly as the flight of dreams. But all good things must come to an end, we are told, and since our four years together have certainly been "good," the inevitable has happened.

We have one solace, however,—we have not labored four years in vain. Our class, which has been small from the start, has accomplished some big things, and we proudly though modestly tell our enemies that it is quality not quantity which counts in the end.

There is never much to distinguish one Freshmen class from its predecessor. It was saying much when the adjectives—"green but unobtrusive" were applied to us. Still, we must not forget that it was during this first year, lived with troubles, the good ship '15 was launched. In our Sophomore year things brightened up for us and once more the world looked rosy. We were frivolous Sophies, so we took advantage of the fact and gave our first dance. We also joined with the Freshmen in giving that since-much-argued-over banquet.

Junior-dom for the 1915's was over crowded with events. The dance, in-



cluding the Junior's complementary dance to the Seniors, head the list with two merry class parties tagging a close second. In the spring, we elected our Caldron staff and issued the May Caldron which was pronounced good by even the critical Seniors.

September 1914 found everybody on deck for the last lap. At our class meeting, held early in the fall, Stanley Hunting was elected president, Thoss Diffendorfer, vice president; Marian Bash, secretary and treasurer; Walter Geller, sergeant at arms. The chief event of the fall term was the Senior play "What Happened To Jones," given the twenty fifth and twenty seventh of November in the Auditorium. Much success of the play was due to the excellent coaching of Prof. Chas. Shank, and to the untiring efforts of business manager O'Rourke and property man Geller. But you remember about the play itself, don't you?—the play which was heralded over the city by our large audience as the "best amateur production we have ever seen." Besides the fame which the Senior Thespians acquired, our empty coffers were filled with shining ducats.

We who had given the 1914 Seniors a Comp dance out of our depleted treasury, the year before, sorely missed our own Comp. dance. But to make up for it we had two class parties which were great successes.

So many events have taken place during our last year that it is impossible to enumerate them all, but we must not forget to sing one song of praise for our star athletes. Eleven members of our class are wearing their monograms—five girls and six boys. Of course it is only natural that with each succeeding year the Caldron should improve. Then, too, we have a secretary-treasurer, elected on the suffrage ticket, whose business ability is pronounced. She ranks in our minds along with the others who have helped to make the history of the class of '15 worth recording. This list includes our president, our vice president, our Caldron editor and staff business manager, as well as all those who have stood by the class through thick and thin.

Some of us are looking forward with great expectation to college and all that higher education means; while others are content to know that their study days are over. A year—two years—will see our valiant class scattered far and wide, but whatever the calling, we will not forget "the fun and frolic, work and strife" of our schools days in the Fort Wayne High.

Senior Class Prophecy

Time—January, 1915.

Place—City of Fort Wayne.

Girl—Prophetess of the '15 class imagining herself to be a member of the hostile '16 class.

While we, the members of the '16 class (it's awful even to imagine myself a member of it) were the Junior Class in F. W. H. S., we refused to give the '15 Seniors a complimentary dance which had been the custom for a number of years. We had however, a venial excuse, and that was—we were financially embarrassed. Nevertheless, we have "stuck" together in the Alumni

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Association and now have decided to give the '15 graduates a dance at Pickard's dancing academy which is above the Trevey and Strother Beauty Parlors. I unfortunately have been burdened with the operose task of locating all the Seniors of ten years ago. Fort Wayne—The first place I went to was the old Fort Wayne High School, to see if I could find any trace of the '15s there. Sure enough, first and foremost the validictorian, Hilda Umbach, was occupying "Mac's" place at the head of the English department and also had charge of Room 22 (of course this wasn't at all surprising), Adele Warner was holding down the job in Room 31 and I understand she has succeeded in getting a four years' course in domestic science for the girls. The mathematical shark, Art Mohler, was filling the vacancy in Room 19 made by the departure of Werremeyer. Down in the Manual Training department, I found that "Big" Seibt and "Little" Seibt had taken the places of Purfield and Agnew, and "Big" Seibt still amused himself by buying up all the flashy neckties worn by the students.

From there I sojourned out to the new south side high school where to my astonishment George Riker was filling the office of principal (The real intellectual ability of the '15 class was never appreciated while they were attending the F. W. H. S.) Helen Polhamus was holding the dignified position of head Latin instructor, trying to pound into the craniums of the seniors the dutifulness of Aeneas. I noticed they had eliminated the reading of the review so as to have more time to tell of her beloved University of Michigan. A new department had been instituted in the new high school—a kindergarten for all freshmen less than four feet tall; Hazel Bromelmeier and Wilma Brucekner have charge of this department and are finding it no snap.

As I was looking about the city I found Harry Haller, having followed in the footsteps of his father, was running a big cut rate meat market on Calhoun Street. Stanley Hunting, the honorable class president, had taken the place of Mr. Study as superintendent of Public Schools, with Samuel Cook, Walter Foster and Victor Thiede as the School Board, so now there is no more talk of school the year round.

New Haven—Dr. Shambaugh, the well known evangelist, accompanied by Homer Popp as gospel singer, is holding revival meetings here. They are doing a wonderful work, as almost every individual in the metropolis has been converted.

Logansport—Robert Bitner, the ammunitory producing farmer, has succeeded in raising self exploding radishes and bayonet onions to export to the Belgians to aid them against the Germans.

Chicago—The famous pianist, Miss Emma Heinzelman, is preparing to make a tour of the U. S. with the Preston and Smith Vaudeville Co. (her hopes and desires were not in vain.)

Pittsburgh—The Superintendent of the Pa. R. R., H. Johnston, filed suit against the Mayor, R. Hillegass, for slander. The complaint is that the latter has been spreading the false report that Johnston has been sporting the famous actress, L. Wilding, about during working hours and by the aid of the Company's money. Johnston is furious and has secured Mr. Werkman as his chief lawyer.

New York City—Mme. P. Sellers, the world famous prima donna, is appearing at the Craig-Clapp Theatre. It is rumored that she is soon to re-



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tire from the stage and start up a lemon stand.

Boston—G. Hoopingarner is selling tickets at the Keller Moving Picture show, which uses only the Rauch films. Two of the best known movie comedians, J. Bunty and his wife, formerly E. Neuffer, play here most of the time. Mrs. Bunty, aside from acting, is working hard to find a fat reducing remedy.

Portland—C. Underhill's latest book, "If You Could Have the Man You Love," recently published by the Parnin Publishing Co., is found to be one of the best sellers, altho it has been denounced by the noted critic, Mary Young.

Reno—Walter Geller is in the dough business, making the dough, carrying the doughnut as his business trade mark. This seems to be a profitable business as other nuts take a liking to the doughnuts made by a fellow nut.

San Francisco—The world is not at all surprised to hear of the success of R. Reinewald and A. Jilson as suffragettes. In fact, they have been so great in their gentle persuasive ways, winning converts to the cause, that E. Pankhurst will be put to shame for her militant methods.

Atlantic City—Miss G. Leedy has recently secured a patent mosquito exterminator, invented by D. Urbine, to use on summer evenings when entertaining her bachelor friends.

Oxford—Miss I. Harvout is teaching "How to Make Lemons Sweet" at Western College. One of her young lady scholars lately described her to me as a crabbed sour-faced old school marm, with cork screw curls and a disposition that makes vinegar seem sweet.

Fow Chow China—Mrs. E. Dinger, former Hilda Hermann, with her husband's engaged in a wonderful work of spreading the gospel to the heathen children. They have established a fine school for the Chinese girls and boys by the aid of the noted philanthropist, Evelyn Certia. Among the teachers of this school are C. Stover, O. Davis, and O. Lakey.

Salt Lake City—P. Spiegel is running a jitney bus on the Inter Terran-Lunam Aerial line. He can make the journey in two years now, due to the brilliant plan conceived by H. Buck, his right hand man, of shooting great masses of molten lava into the air and after these harden, placing supply stations on each. The world's largest electric sign has been placed on this aerial line by R. Taylor, who naturally is accustomed to light altitudes.

London—D. Knight in her performance of "Camille" and "Queen Elizabeth" ranks second only to Mme. Bernhardt. She is also as noted for her beautiful gowns as Gaby Desleys.

Paris—As a dress maker is one who will some sweet day sit on the highest pinnacle of patience in Heaven, Edna Bashlier is no exception to the rule for she is running a dress making establishment under the awe invoking name of Madame Edna's.

Halifax—An Orphan's Home has recently been established by J. Boshler and B. Squires for all the stray cats and dogs.

Baltimore—G. Barth and E. Bill are head cooks at the New Michael Hotel which was planned by the architect Granger and built by the Vernon-Heck Construction Co.

St. Louis—At the edge of the city a beautiful bride, known in the '15 Class as Marian Bash, dwells with her husband, E. Schulze, in a comfie cot

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where love reigns supreme.

Madrid—After a long course in elocution and acting, Cyril Schaefer has become instructor in Dramatic Art at Madrid School of Dramatic Art.

New York City—The world-famed violinist, L. Blackstone, has received a goodly recompense for charming by her music, two very ferocious lions in the Zoological garden.

Japan—The famous engineers, H. Waterman and C. Kesler, have completed the greatest engineering feat in history. They have constructed a canal which extends from "Somewhere to Anywhere."

Berlin—Hazel Tait, Ica Wood and Betty York are engaged as Red Cross nurses, attending the wounded soldiers.

Kansas City—Wm. O'Rourke is traveling about, advertising the great power of a new wart cream, discovered by D. Saviers in her chemical researches. In the interludes of O'Rourke's oratory, J. Whicker and J. Stemen sing popular rags, the words of which were written by R. Rhodes while B. McCrea wrote the music.

Decatur—Sara Stirling with her practical ideas of living is president of the Woman's Civic League of Indiana, and travels about over the country organizing other leagues of the same kind. She has decided never to marry as she thinks it would be a sign of weakness on her part.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The famous fancy dancing teacher, A. Phipps, has married a wealthy heiress, who happens to be no other than J. Smick.

Indianapolis—G. Beierlein and L. Hamlet have become Lobbyists and all lobbying for the Jacobs Bill for teachers to be paid all the year round. R. Hall and H. Coil, representatives from the Twelfth and Thirteenth districts, are influencing many with their persuasive argumentation and fiery eloquence.

Louisville, Ky.—T. Baird and B. Koegel have taken up scientific farming and have succeeded in producing seedless watermelons and cobless corn.

Angola—A. Rabus and J. Pitcher are proprietors of a quaint inn on the much traveled road between Angola and Lake James, where travelers may stop for a dainty wholesome meal or a night's lodging.

Kalamazoo—H. Saylor, who owns a large potato farm in Michigan, has engaged T. Diffendorfer to kill the potato bugs by dropping bombs upon them.

Phoenix—Jennie Duemling has become the world's famous female heavy weight champion.

Albany—Skinny Steup and A. Rodemeyer are two of the world's greatest poets; quite a number of their choicest poems have been added to "Palgrave's Golden Treasury," to the delight of the high school students.

Buffalo—K. Branham and U. Roush have together discovered a fine way of making perfectly straight hair beautiful and curly. Apply for information. Operation performed for \$25.00.

Los Angeles—Morton B. Williams, the famous electrician, has at last succeeded in establishing telephone service across the Pacific.

And now I think I've all but one.

The last is I and I am done;

But how can I my future tell,

For I'm no Delphic Oracle,

But I shall always be proud to say

That I'm a '15—to my dying day.



The Class of 1916



WARFEL
Pres.

BLITZ
Caldron Editor

PAUL
Vice Pres.

TAYLOR
Ass't Editor

MOSSMAN
Sec. and Treas.

EDMONDS
Business Manager

CLASS COLORS—SCARLET AND BLACK

FACULTY ADVISORS

MISS PARKER

MR. CRONINGER

SOCIAL COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES

AUGUST DETZER

JUNE HARROD

KATHERINE METZGER

1915 CALDRON REPRESENTATIVES

J. KINNER BLITZ

WAYNE THIEME

CLARA McMILLEN



Junior Class History

HOUGHTON TAYLOR

Many a class history has been ushered in with something about a patch of green approaching the school; but there are two good reasons why this chronicle should not begin that way, one being that the expression is so old that the green is all faded, and the other—more to the point—that the history of the 1916 class really begins somewhere else.

The actual starting point is the election of August Detzer to the freshman presidency—an election doubly important in that it defeated the “frat” faction (which was then just tottering) and placed in power a youth whose name was,—and still is,—synonymous with energy, action and enterprise. Under Detzer’s leadership the class brought forth in one year a freshman dance, an enter-class banquet, and “the freshie hats”—all unheard of before. The last of the three established the reputation of the class over the whole city.

Athletics also claimed the ’16’s attention. No championships were forthcoming, but the season was highly satisfactory, and paved the way for the victories of the next year.

As Sophomore president, the class chose Robert Edmonds—long and slim, built for speed. He showed himself thoroughly competent, and was ably backed by such lieutenants as Blitz, Kohler, and Warfel. The enterprise of the class was further demonstrated by the giving of a class party,—two of them in fact. At the second one a mock murder and trial were “pulled off,” Edmonds being most artistically assassinated by Brower. As the cartridge was blank, the chronicler presumes that Bob died of fright. This was the banner year in athletics for the ’16’s. They won the championship in basket ball and track, took second in foot-ball, and divided the honors with the freshies and seniors in base-ball. The names of Sprang, Bradley, Myers, Outland, Compton, Robinson, Gerke, et al, were the common property of the school. Several of these were also identified with school athletics.

For the Junior year the class elected Harry Warfel president. Two social events were held—a dance (the social council and the class had a disagreement on this affair), and a party in which another innovation appeared in the form of a really well-presented Junior play. As for athletics, the football championship season was a disappointment, but the basket-ball series was an easy walk-away for us. So ends the chain of events.

The class of 1916 has much to be proud of: its social enterprises, in which Miss Parker has always been the strongest factor; its prowess on the field of play, its aspiring statesmen, its perspiring athletes; its scholars, notably, Miss Clara McMillen, a modern Hypatia, whose graduation per cent. is confidently expected, by the class, to surpass that of any former valedictorian. It does not claim to be the greatest class, but it has strong claims to being the largest. Its past has been bright; its future shines still brighter. The scarlet and black that would not be downed when it appeared on the heads of the ’16s as freshies, bids fair to wave on triumphantly to the end.



Who's Who in the Class of '16

In arranging these articles, it was discovered that some one would have to come first, while there also had to be some one to bring up the rear. However, we sincerely hope that this arrangement will meet with the approval of all, and incur the ill-will of none.

The Editors of the 1916 Caldron.

OUR FACULTY SOCIAL COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES.

Miss Parker and Mr. Croniger have carefully guarded the interests of the Junior class in the positions of Faculty Representatives in the Social Council. They have done much toward helping our social affairs and it is because of their aid and council that the class has done so nobly during the past year. Miss Parker is always ready to give up her time to coach our dramatic "stunts," a dnto help plan and serve the "eats," as well as to assist in the cleaning-up which always follows them. Mr. Croniger, too, is always on hand when he is needed, and in spite of the fact that he has a large session-room to keep watch over, he is never too busy to give his sound and practical advice as well as his personal help toward any matter affecting the welfare of the class.

Harry Warfel (Secretary-treasurer of class last year and manager of track team; President of class and player on class Basket Ball team this year; Business Manager for next year).

Ever since he was made treasurer of our class in the Sophomore year, Harry L. Warfel has been one of the leading lights in the class. During that year, our funds were well and nobly guarded, and it was a wise choice on the part of the 1916 class when Harry was elected President last September. And he has piloted the "sip of state" of the class safely through the rough breakers of class parties and dances, past the reefs of debt, and around the sandbars of knockers and their knocks. His position has been made all the harder by the fact that when he took up the duties of this office, the class had an awful debt staring it in the face. This, however, has been diminished to about one-third its former size by his diplomatic means of getting money into the class treasury from the pockets of the tight wads. He is a good runner and an excellent basket ball player, but he has withal such as good head for business that he has been elected business manager of next year's Caldron. And he is certain to make a success of it as he has done in all his previous undertakings.

Robert Edmonds (President in Eophomore year; Asst. Business Manager of next year's Caldron).

As a Business Manager, R. Kelsey Edmonds certainly promises great things. His term as President in our Sophomore year was marked by unusual success in all branches of school life, and much of the success was due to his own individual efforts. R. Kelsey, will, beyond any doubt, win glory both for himself and the class in his new position, one which is full of hard work. This, however, has no terrors for him, and he will do all that he possibly can toward helping the 1916 Caldron. He has, moreover, many original ideas regarding various matters, so that he ought to prove a most valuable addition to our staff.

Louella Paul (Vice President this year; Social Council member and Caldron Representative in Sophomore year; Society Editress for next year's Caldron).

Louella Paul has always worked hard to make a success of anything that the 1916 class attempted. In her Sophomore year she was a member of the Social Council and also a class reporter, filling both of these positions to the satisfaction of everyone. On this account, no one was surprised when she was elected Vice President last fall, and the class has had no reason since to regret its choice. She always attends the class meetings and gives valuable suggestions, which are usually followed. As further proof of the esteem in which she is held, the class has elected her a society editress of the Caldron for next year, a position in which she is sure to "make good."

August Detzer (President of class in Freshman year; Vice President in Sophomore



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year, as well as Caldron representative; Social Council member this year. Also a player on the class football teams in Freshman and Sophomore year; captain of class track team last year, manager and member of class basket ball team this year; also a member of the school basket ball team this year).

Everyone knows that August Detzer has been and will be one of the most important members of our class. He began his career by being President of the class in our Freshman year, and what our class accomplished during that year shows how well he filled the office. In his Sophomore year he was Vice President of our class and also Caldron representative. Last fall he was elected to the Social Council, for the class felt that the one who had served it so well in so many capacities was the one needed to represent it in this important branch of student affairs. Besides all this, August is one of our star athletes, and has already won his letter as a member of the school basket ball team. And next year we expect even more from him, as he will undoubtedly be more prominent in our class affairs than ever.

Catherine Metzger (Social Council and member of committees).

The class of 1916 would never stop to look in its pockets to see whether it had enough money to undertake anything new if all our classmates had the same enthusiasm that is, perhaps, the secret of Catherine Metzger's popularity. She has always been one of those whose opinion has weight in class meetings, and she has been the chairman of several committees. Last fall she was elected to the Social Council, and she has served the class faithfully in that position.

William Mossman (Secretary-Treasurer this year; Editor of local news for next year's Caldron).

William Mossman has played the part of the "Watch-dog of the Treasury" for the 1916 class during its Junior year, and everyone agrees that he has looked after the funds very satisfactorily. In fact, his financial ability is so great that he is sure to be a regular Croesus after he gets out into the big, wide world. His friends in the High School are many, not only in his own class, but also among the other students and the teachers, for he is an all-round good fellow. As further proof of our confidence in his ability, he has been elected to have charge of the local news for next year's issue of "The Caldron." And, judging by his past success, he is sure to come out all right with the duties of this position, which by the way, is one that requires a great deal of wit and humor.

Helene Strieder (Social Council in Sophomore year; society editress for next year's Caldron; member of committees).

Helene Strieder as a member of the Social Council last year did good work for the class, and was on several committees besides. She is well liked by everyone, and no one was surprised when she was elected a society editress for the next year.

Nelson Thompson (Class Yell Leader and Circulation Manager for next year's Caldron).

Nelson Thompson, otherwise known as "Pete," is our circulation manager, and will surely make a good one. He has a wide acquaintance among the student body at large and will see that no one is without a Caldron ticket next year. Pete has always figured in our class functions, and was one of those in charge of our Freshman dance. As a yell leader, he has been very much in evidence at the class basket ball games, and has proven himself a fine leader. He is not afraid of work, and will do his share toward keeping up the high standard of excellency which will set next year's Caldron in a class by itself.

Ralph Brower (Advertising Manager for the 1916 Caldron; member of class Basket Ball team).

The position of advertising manager is a new one, originated this year, and the duties of it are to advertise each issue of the Caldron and to assist the circulation manager in his work. Ralph Brower appears to be admirably suited for this newly created position, as he has a great wealth of novel ideas, as well as a marked ability for selling tickets. He is also "some" basket ball player, as well as an active and conscientious worker for the success of the class. And it was indeed a wise choice on the part of the class to give Ralph Brower this position.

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Kenneth Sprang (Football, Basket Ball and Base Ball teams in Freshman and Sophomore years; track team in Sophomore year; athletic editor of next year's Caldron).

It was indeed a fortunate year for Fort Wayne High School athletics when Kenneth Sprang, as a member of the 1916 class entered the High School. "String," as he has been dubbed, has been a participant in every branch of athletics since he entered the school, and much of our success is due to his untiring efforts. He has been unable to take part in any athletic contests this season, owing to an operation which he underwent early last fall, but he can be counted on for next year. As an indication of their confidence in his knowledge of athletics, the members of the class of '16 have elected him an editor of athletics for next year, an office which he is certain to fill to the satisfaction of everyone.

Winifred Bicknell (Literary Editress of the 1916 "Caldron;" 1916 Girls' Basket Ball Team; substitute on School Team).

Winifred Bicknell is one of the best-known and most popular girls in the class of 1916. She has always been prominent in the affairs of the class, and it was a wise choice that made her a literary editress for next year's Caldron. "Bick," as she is popularly known, is another of our star girl athletes, as she was a member of the 1916 Girls' team this year and also a substitute player on the school team. In addition to these facts, Winifred is president fo the Girls' Literary Society, an office which she has filled with credit to herself and to the girls who elected her. She, too, will certainly do all in her power to make a success of the 1916 Caldron.

Houghton Taylor (Asssistant Editor of "The Caldron" for next year).

For the important position of assistant editor, it would be hard to find anyone better suited than Houghton W. Taylor, alias "The Professor," alias "Zack," etc. Gifted with a remarkable command of the English language, as well as with a keen sense of humor, he is sure to do his part toward making the 1916 Caldron the excellent publication that it will be. Moreover, he is always willing to do his share of the editorial work, and no low grades will ever prevent him from doing so by causing him to "burn the midnight oil" in study. He always attends our class meetings, and is popular alike with students and teachers, some of the latter even standing a little in awe at his remarkable intellect. And, it is certain that these qualities, along with his literary ability, will win him fame and recognition beyond even that which he now enjoys. Indeed, the class of 1916 may well pat itself on the back over its choice of assistant editor, and will never regret the ballots which put Houghton Taylor in that prominent office.

J. Kinner Blitz (Editor-in-chief of the 1916 Caldron).

The tall stately youth to whom we are now introduced is none other than John Kinner Blitz, orator, statesman, scholar—the editor-in-chief of the Caldron for the coming year. A youth of admirable qualities indeed, is John. Wisdom, foresight, tireless energy, determination, and a rarely met command of the English language, all are his, and to a remarkable degree. No less than these is his class spirit. With unflagging zeal, he has worked for the success of the 1916 class, serving faithfully on innumerable committees and managing with remarkable prudence. It is eminently fit, therefore, that the class of 1916 should bestow upon him this great honor. Indeed, we may safely prophesy that under his direction the Caldron will bubble as it has never bubbled before, and that the subscribers will await with unprecedented eagerness the appearance of each issue.



The Class of 1917

To Miss Wingert we owe much of our success during the past two years. Ever patient with our short-comings, always to be depended upon, we wish to express to her our appreciation and assure her of the loyalty of the Class of '17.



McKEEMAN
Pres.

MORRIS
Vice Pres.

HUDSON
Sec. and Treas.

CLASS COLORS—ORANGE AND BLACK

FACULTY ADVISORS

MISS WINGERT

MR. KNIGHT

SOCIAL COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES

GLADYS HADLEY

CLARENCE MILLER

WAINE SHORT

1915 CALDRON REPRESENTATIVES

GEORGIANA HUDSON

PAUL BACHELOR

LOWELL MILES



Sophomore Class History

By Georgiana Hudson.

On a dismal rainy day in September 1913, scared Freshies began to wander around halls looking for Room 1. We were finally settled at least, for one term.

We soon elected officers as follows: Calvin Jackson, President; William Morris, Vice President; and Carroll O'Rourke, Secretary and Treasurer.

We choose a social committee, consisting of Gladys Hadley, Fred Stolte and Waine Short, in addition to the class officers. Our social advisors were Miss Wingert and Mr. Clark.

We chose our class pins very soon, and after several suggestions and much voting decided upon our class colors as Black and Gold.

We were quite gay for "Freshies." We had a dance in February, and a very successful party in May, to complete our Freshman year.

We were soon in working trim and ready for another year, more brilliant than our first.

At a meeting presided over by our former president, the following officers were elected for this year: Stanford McKeeman, president; William Morris, Vice President, and Georgiana Hudson, Secretary and Treasurer.

The members of the social council were Gladys Hadley, Alice Wilding and Clarence Miller, with Miss Wingert and Mr. Knight as faculty advisors.

On October 23rd we gave a Hallowe'en party. Room 2 was decorated with corn stalks, pumpkins and black and gold paper.

Games were played in Room 4, and in Miss Harrah's room there was dancing. Some stayed out of this room because it brought forth painful memories of latin failures.

Ice cream and doughnuts were served, and on each plate there was a card as souvenir of the evening. These were made and given by Miss Wingert.

Chaperons were Miss Wingert, Miss Williams, Mrs. Hudson and Mr. Thomas.

We were going to have a dance but decided not to this year. Dr. Lyon who was here at that time, praised us very highly but we are not sure we deserved it; perhaps we were stingy with our money and wanted to increase the amount in our treasury.

On March 12th we held our second class party of the year. We met at the Y. W. C. A. and from there went in a body to the Jefferson Theatre. The management of the theatre was most cordial and furnished us a delightful evening, free of charge.

After seeing a good film and giving people a little noise with our yell and cheers, we returned to the Y. W. C. A. where a fine lunch was served.

After lunch, Mr. Knight, who was toastmaster, gave us a splendid talk full of witticisms. He called on different members of the class and everyone responded most cleverly.

Then we had to leave because the "Y. W." closes about ten thirty, and we had already stretched the time. The chaperons were Miss Wingert, Miss Williams, Mrs. Hudson and Mr. Knight.

We are now ready for a vacation and intend to come back with renewed energy for our Junior year.



Class Yell

KaZim, KaZam, KaFlippidy-reen,
Silence—Gangway—'17.
We're full of life, we're full of pep.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Cascaret.
Fighta, kicka, chew-a-bit,
Sleepa, snora, rare-a-bit.
We're big and small, we're fat and lean,
Take off your hat to '17.

Song of the Sophs

Since this is a song of the seventeens
I shall do all within my means
To sing their praises in this lay
So they'll be remembered for many a day.

In October our party for Hallowe'en
Was the nicest one ever seen
With witches on old broomsticks riding
Sheeted ghosts in corners hiding.

Now, at the Revival which was in Ft. Wayne
The Sophs alone, did not raise Cain,
The other classes were a disgrace
In bad conduct they set a pace.

You know the Juniors yell was awful
The Seniors acted most unlawful
The Freshmen all forgot their yell
Only the Sophomores behaved well.

All have heard of the marvelous way
In which we held at the Y. W. C. A.
A banquet of things so good to eat
That to look at them was even a treat.

After the eats had been dispensed
We felt we were quite recompensed
For having come so long a way,
Then we went to the "Jeff" without delay.

Originality we always maintain
From doing as others do, we refrain,
As long as the Sophs are in High School
They'll endeavor to keep this rule.

Wilhelmina Morriss, '17.



The Class of 1918



STRODEL
Pres.

STOPHER
Vice Pres.

H. SHAMBAUGH
Sec. and Treas

CLASS COLORS—PURPLE AND BLACK

FACULTY ADVISORS

MRS. EDSON

MISS MAY

SOCIAL COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES

CONSTANCE BOGART

ROBERT SEIDEL

MARGARET EVANS

1915 CALDRON REPRESENTATIVE

HELEN STOPHER

Freshman Class History

The 1918 class was organized last September with a membership of three hundred and six; and of this number, only thirty have left school during the year.

Perhaps the distinguishing feature of the class is enthusiasm. This is shown in all our class affairs. More than two hundred members attended our first class party, each one declaring he had a good time and that the party was a great success. At the next class gathering, we had a still larger attendance as the 1919's were invited. Enthusiasm is hardly the word to describe the spirit of this party—exuberance is more fitting, as Mr. Ward will testify.

For a class that has so recently been organized, the loyalty and class spirit is remarkable. Not once has a member, however unwilling, refused to do anything that will help the class.



Although we can not point to many achievements as the other classes can, yet we have great hopes for many things in the future.

Class Anecdote

To Editor of "Caldron."
Honorable Sir:—

I am a humble Japanese boy who journey to Ft. Wayne High School Institution to receive education, which are mixing of Robert Louie Stevenson on Treasure Island, The King's Idols, and the Uses of Plant Life. Also the Seven Cases in Algebra, and the latest social fashions.

After performing at these some time, I take my pen on hand to tell you how I are progressing forward.

On first experience, I wore scare-head expression peculiar to those who have just arrive. My program say I must arrive at room for study of Rhetorical Composition. So I make off down hall, where many are galluping with hastening movements. I become much disentangled with elbows and others. One white-hopish athletic hand me sharp rib-poke which I did not return because the honorable American are stronger muscle than I.

After long search-hunt the room do not arrive as quickly as I participate, so I march with engagingly movement to a young lady with a French roller and society expression.

"When do I arrive at my room?" I snib, sweetly smiling.

She make snubbish nose elevation while she hautishly answer nothing.

I turn with much sorrowful expression and immediate in front of me was august room.

But that are only first beginning of my aggrvatingly troubles.

The second day as I were seated in the Freshmens congregation, I were looking observedly at my close neighbors. By one side were a youngish lady with a Lillian Russell appearance; on her were fashionable hair, a silkish waist, with low-neck-cut; and high-healers. I were about to address myself to her when she look at me with North-Pole expression.

"What is there greenly on me?" she say so. As I were impossible to make retort to this peev, I look other side where sat another youngishly lady. She wore a sweet-hearted expression of hear-dress and a highly-necked waist. I were making mediation upon her fashionably appearance when she saw me and make guggle in my face.

"For what do you laugh?" I make speech hottily.

Immediate at this moment the desk teacher holla: "Kamo, take the bench!" I elope with swiftness to her.

"To where shall I take it?" I request promptishly.

"Do not hand me such impertinence!" she glub with cannibal expression. "Sit there!" She point hashly to ordinary kind of chair on which I sat with a ruffled expression while remaining Freshmens snickled gleely.

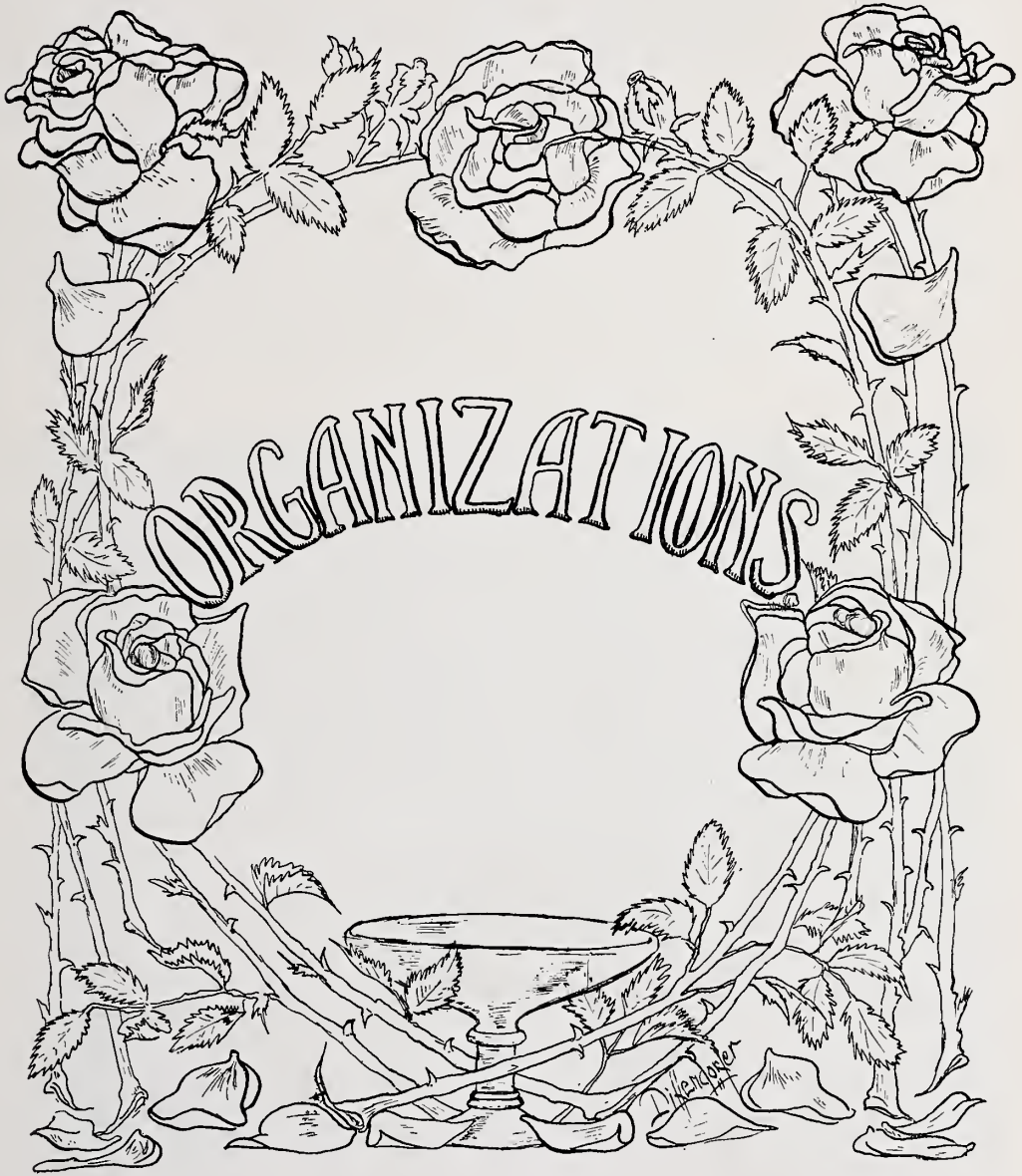
If I shall be unbloged to take the honorable bench every day at Institution, I shall make desires to be elsewhere.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

KAMO TOKAMURI.

(Delight Evans)





Social Council

The Social Council was organized in September, 1914, as a direct result of the suggestive plan made by Prof. C. T. Lane at the close of school in June of the same year. The purpose of the organization was expressed by Professor Lane as follows: "The fundamental idea of the plan is to leave the initiative and management of school events in the hands of students as far as possible and secure for them the sympathetic counsel and co-operation of older and more experienced people, which it is confidently believed that right-minded young people feel the need of and will cordially appreciate."

THE SENIOR COUNCIL



HUNTING
DIFFENDORFER

SAVIERS
BASH

HALL
KNIGHT

MR. WARD
MR. THOMAS

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The idea was received with much enthusiasm by those teachers and pupils who were particularly interested in the welfare of the school. Ever since its formation, however, the Social Council has been somewhat handicapped by those whose interest in such a cause is lacking. Still, not too much can be said concerning the good which has been accomplished.

In the formation, each class elected three pupils to serve, together with the class officers, as representatives in the council. At the first meeting Mr. Ward was elected president and Robert Hattersley secretary. Under the Social Council, every class must hand in, at the beginning of the school year, its social program for the term, comprising the date, the place, a list of procurable chaperons, possible cost and means of defraying expenses, for each function planned. This was the beginning of class parties in the high school building, for one thing, and for another, the checkroom and other grafts of the school dances were abolished. Probably this was the reason that the classes gave up their dances during the past year and devoted their efforts to the more democratic class parties.

THE JUNIOR COUNCIL



WARFEL
DETZER

PAUL
METZGER

MOSSMAN
MR. CROMINGER

MISS PARKER
HARROD

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In September, 1914, the Council re-elected Mr. Ward president and Robert Hall secretary. As mentioned above, one direct result of the Social Council's influence this year has been the substitution of class parties for dances. The former were given almost entirely in the school building and were chaperoned both by parents and teachers, who enjoyed the affairs as much as the pupils themselves. If the parents made themselves more numerous at these functions it would be greatly appreciated by the Council, for in spite of the fact that one of the primary efforts of this organization is to establish social equality between teacher and pupil, after all the teachers are not wholly responsible for the social decorum of son and daughter. The parents should feel it their duty, as well as pleasure, to attend. Remember, parents, you are always invited!

Many pupils, as well as their parents, are of the opinion that the Social Council is made up of a group of "cranky school teachers" and "priggish students" whose wish is to place a ban on all high school frivolities. But if you, Mr. Reader, are of this opinion, you may as well get rid of it, for it is

THE SOPHOMORE COUNCIL



McKEEMAN
MILLER

HUDSON
HADLEY

MORRIS
MR. KNIGHT

MISS WINGERT
SHORT

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utterly lacking foundation. The Social Council, on the contrary, is a group chosen from among the best-liked teachers and fun-loving pupils in school, whose motto is: "Clean fun for high school frolics." You say that the parties are "slow affairs". Perhaps that is because you do not lend your dazzling presence; perhaps it is because you do not put some of your brilliant ideas into the planning of the entertainments for a crowd of pupils whose tastes are as mixed as the sands of the sea. Had you thought of that? Bearing this in mind, you might give the Social Council your support next year. It will surely mean much for you as well as for the social betterment of old Fort Wayne High.

DOROTHY KNIGHT.

THE FRESHMAN COUNCIL



STRODEL
BOGART

STOPHER
WRIGHT

H. SHAMBAUGH
EVANS

MISS MAY
MRS. EDSON



Pi Gamma

HISTORY

Where have I heard that phrase before? Pi Gamma? Well, if you can't remember, just cast your glance around a little on the walls of Louie Ward's Institute of Technology. Perhaps that is where you heard it. Perhaps not.

Above institute is some joint, too; the only criticism ever offered it has been that it didn't contain enough cream to swell the membership of the said powerful society. This, of course, is indeed, unfortunate both for the school and the Pi Gammas.

Ask anyone who lives within a block or two of the school of the "Mentally Deficient," if he has ever heard of the Pi Gammas. That will probably start him raving, and this is probably what he will tell you. "Well, it all started way back in February of A. D. Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen about the Thirty First Day of the Month. On this date several of the cream of the Institute were assembled in deep and serious conversation. All at once a brilliant idea came to Dunkelberg, standing in the waste-basket; he said nothing. Having received no reply, he repeated it in a louder tone. That was all and yet in a few days the school was shocked to hear of the birth of a New National bogus Fraternity, second only to the Elks and The Knights of the Old Beer-Mugs, right square in its midst.

Some of the charter members were: Bill Shambaugh, editor and perpetrator of the 1915 Caldron; little Rolluph Dunkelberg, the most important personage in our school between suspensions, and now an irregular member of Tome School, Maryland; Hunk Geller, representing the school invalids; Hazen H. Johnston, nearly honest but not quite; Wee Weelie Mossman, now famous as Secretary of almost every organization in school, more or less; and also Elliott Filithi Shulze, representing the more feminine element of the cream.

The first semester the Pi Gammas' greatest feat, besides frescoing the walls of the Institute in the most beautiful designs, was to squeelch a rival organization called the Towels, consisting of three members, August Detzer, President; Harry Lemoine Warfel, Body-guard and J. Kinner Blitz, Master of Janitors. John's services as janitor having been so proficient, the Pi Gammas claimed him for themselves, leaving the Towels irretrievably ruint. Also, by the way of showing the Pi Gammas above board in all respects, they kindly offered Mr. Lane the position of Ornery President, without his cognizance or consent; however, Mr. Lane having resigned this magnificent position as soon as he learned of it, the Pi Gammas have now elected Mr. Ward in his place, by way of having the school principal a member of the club to keep the other members from being suspended. After these accomplishments, the club ceased operations for the summer.

After vacation the cream met once again to resume business for the en-



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suing year. The President's name is unworthy to mention, inasmuch as he proved himself unfit for the position by not paying his dues. Shambaugh was elected Vice President, because he was the most useless member; Shulze got the job of Secretary because he knew so little, and Johnston became Treasurer, because he represented the dishonest portion of the community.

At the next meeting, some more cream having been discovered, new members were elected as follows: Art Mohler, miserable editor of the Holler; Zeke Clear and Les Popp, the famous soloists when singing together; Haller, who deserves special mention because he was a member of Miss Mayr's IIB German Cow-Bell class; Les Jacobs, the sleeping beauty; Shorty Davie Diffenderfer; Fatty Morris and Lowell Miles, Masters of Ceremonies; Shepard, of Cincinnati, and Apfelbaum, of South Bend fame. Last but most important by far, is John Kinner Blitz, of whom no picture is now extant.

The Pi Gammas gave a dance on New Years eve. This affair, financed by Johnston, was a great success, no doubt to both Johnston and the club. About a hundred couples were present, dressed in overalls and bloomers. That is the boys were dressed in bloom—overalls. The club made about 75 beans on the dance, and lost about 80, leaving them something like 5 beans in the wind. No doubt this was due to miserable management and the fact that Williams made the punch. Since then they have done nothing but put the members' pictures somewhere near here.

In closing I will repeat the Pi Gamma yell, which pretty near busted up Doc Lyon's meetings:

Oxerine, Oxerine
Always heard, always seen.
Pi Gam, Pi Gam
Who gives a——
Tyranny never
Pi Gammas forever.

A———Men.

MOTTO:

"The Cream of the Fort Wayne High School."

W. R. S.—R. C. D.—H. M. S.



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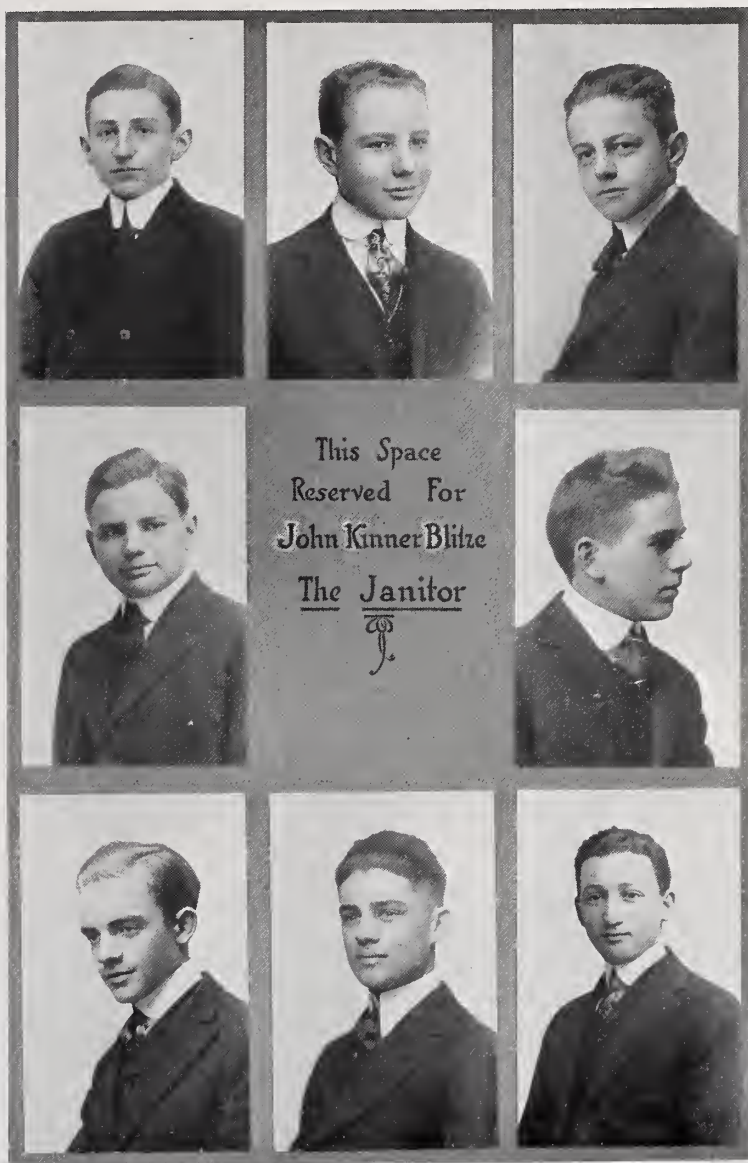


SHAMBAUGH
Vice Pres.
MOSSMAN
MOHLER

JOHNSTON
Treas.
THIEME
L. POPP

SHULZE
Sec.
DUNKELBERG
HALLER

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CLEAR
GELLER
MILES

MORRIS
BLITZ
DIFFENDERFER

SHEPARD
JACOBS
APFELBAUM



Mathematics Club

When Mr. Werremeyer took up the work of forming a Math. Club last year, it was one of the best things which could have happened. Our school needed an organization which would bring the teachers and pupils closer together, and the founder saw that only an organization of this kind would turn the trick. At the first meeting officers were elected, committees were chosen and a constitution presented to the members. After this start every one threw his heart and soul into the work of helping the club become a well fixed and established part of the high school.

Now comes the second chapter of this, we might say, undertaking. After such a firm foundation, anything could stand, and this is what the Math. Club did. Although most of the former officers and members had graduated, at the first call for a Math Club meeting, over thirty old members and many new ones responded and showed their desire of taking up the good work where their predecessors had left off. At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

Ruth Schultheis, Pres.

Robert Hall, Vice Pres.

Dorothy Knight, Sec.

Hazen Johnston, Treas.

Every month a meeting was held at which nearly all the members and quite a few who weren't members came. These meetings held so much interest for all that they were looked forward to, with much expectation, and every one declared there could have been no better program or refreshments, for the small dues asked.



SCHULTHEIS

HALL

KNIGHT

JOHNSTON

In February the following officers were elected to succeed those elected in October:

Paul Spiegel, Pres.
 Lucile Shirey, Vice Pres.
 Esther Miller, Sec.
 Ralph Taylor, Treas.

As meeting followed meeting it was noticed that the members were not losing interest in the club as had been the case with many of our debating and literary societies, but that just the opposite was the case. Each successive gathering found the members coming, not because they wanted to get the worth of their dues, but because they really enjoyed themselves while they were there. Some not only came, but brought others with them who had heard about the good times presented at these meetings and desired to take part in them themselves.

This is in brief the reason for the unbounded, unparalleled and lasting success of the Math. Club, which today holds the seat of honor among all the organizations of the high school. Will this place of honor be upheld? We not only hope but are certain that all the classes of the school will take such an interest in the club in the future that the founder will have no reason to say that it is impossible to keep a permanent club or society in the Fort Wayne High School and that it is a waste of time to try to start one. Whoever the officers may be, stand by them in all they do and try to make the Math. Club such an organization that it will be remembered in the years to come and will help make the Fort Wayne High School one of the widest known schools in this part of the country as well as in the state of Indiana.

F. PAUL SPIEGEL, President.



SPIEGEL

SHIREY

MR. WERREMEYER
 Founder

MILLER

TAYLOR

Sorosis Society

The Sorosis literary society is an organization of girls which was founded in March, 1914, by Miss Todd and nearly thirty girls of the Junior and Sophomore classes. Permission for forming such a society was given by the principal, Mr. Lane, after a petition had been presented to him by the girls interested. Meetings were held on Wednesday evening every week after school. By the time school closed last year the Sorosis was started well on its way to success. The first officers elected were as follows:

President—Gladys Eikenbary.
 Vice President—Winifred Bicknell.
 Secretary—Clara McMillen.
 Treasurer—Louella Paul.
 Sergeant-at-arms—Florence Pickard.
 Assistant sergeant-at-arms—Hilda Hermann.
 Critic—Helen Roebel.
 Pianist—Elizabeth Powell.

Executive Committee—Virginia Kinnaird, Marian Bash, and Constance Underhill.

When school started last fall, the literary society again began in earnest under the guidance of Miss Todd. The officers elected then were the following:

President—Winifred Bicknell.
 Vice President—Florence Pickard.
 Secretary—Ruth Rechling.
 Treasurer—Gladys Eikenbary.
 Sergeant-at-arms—Virginia Kinnaird.
 Assistant sergeant-at-arms—Gertrude Oppelt.
 Critic—Clara Wiebke.
 Pianist—Helen Roebel.

Executive committee—Mary Wood, Constance Underhill and Helen Karns.

Programs consisting of music, debates, readings, biographical sketches, and short scenes from Shakespeare and George Elliot, have been given, also Miss Todd drilled the girls in parliamentary procedure. This year the society held a meeting every two weeks on Monday after school. On October 10, a party was given at the Y. W. C. A. at which time the new members were initiated, and various amusements were enjoyed throughout the evening. An open meeting of the society was held on December 14, and the second meeting after that was with the Platonian literary society. At both of the meetings interesting programs were presented.

At the beginning of the new term in February, 1915, new officers were elected as follows:



MISS TODD

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President—Winifred Bicknell.

Vice President—Sara Stirling.

Secretary—Ruth Reehling.

Treasurer—Virginia Kinnaird.

Sergeant-at-arms—Hazel Oren.

Assistant sergeant-at-arms—Florence Pickard.

Critic—Mary Wood.

Pianist—Nadine Hull.

Executive committee—Constance Underhill, Wilhelmina Morriss, and Helen Karns.

A vigorous campaign for new members was begun at this time. Fifteen new members were received into the Sorosis in whose honor a kindergarten party was given at the Y. W. C. A. on Friday, March 26. Arrangements for getting pins for the girls of the society have been made.

The attendance and interest in the society have increased until Sorosis is now one of the foremost and wide-awake organizations of the school. Real talent has been discovered among the girls, and Sorosis society has been an excellent place for its development. The purpose of the society is to give training in expressing the thoughts and in parliamentary order, to broaden the culture, and to contribute to the social life of the school. Much enthusiasm is displayed by the girls in carrying out their motto, "to be intensely something."

The members of the Sorosis literary society are Winifred Bicknell, Lillian Blackstone, Bertha Brown, Margaret Boan, Gladys Eikenbary, Rose Goldberger, Victoria Gross, Hilda Hermann, Nadine Hull, Helen Karns, Marie Keller, Myrtle Kinerk, Virginia Kinnaird, Valeria Kirakofe, Clara McMillen, Myrtle Miller, Marie Miller, Wilhelmina Morriss, Gertrude Oppelt, Hazel Oren, Florence Pickard, Ethel Peterson, Evelyn Plumadore, Rose Pelzweig, Vivian Raudabaugh, Ruth Reehling, Helen Roebel, Dorothy Saviers, Elizabeth Rogier, Ethel Roberts, Hilda Schween, Esther Schild, Sara Stirling, Helen Stopher, Constance Underhill, Ethel Van Hoozen, Jessie Tower, Mary Woodhull, Mary Wood, Clara Wiebke, Marian Bash, Katherine Branham and Mary Young.

—SARA STIRLING.



BICKNELL

STIRLING

REEHLING

KINNAIRD

The Platonians

In the spring of nineteen fourteen, three groups of students drew away from their work long enough to perfect three school organizations. They were the Sorosis, the Mathematics Club and the Platonians. Since the histories and successes of the first two of these societies have been duly recorded elsewhere in this Annual, there alone remains to be written a brief history of the Platonians.

The Platonians was primarily an organization out of which the members were to get only as much benefit as they put work into it. Furthermore, it should be remembered that the organization was composed entirely of boys who had not previously taken any special interest in literary work but who entertained a hope of being materially benefitted by becoming associated with a literary society. And so, when these facts are considered along with the one, that no inviting refreshments were served at the meetings, it is really encouraging to realize that the society is finishing a year and a half of up-hill work.



MR. NEFF

Much of the credit for the society's existence for even this length of time is due to the pioneering work done by its founder, Miss Todd. The first semester of work under her guidance consisted chiefly of readings from popular books and from papers written by members. At the beginning of the second semester, an election in Room 3 placed the following boys in office: Willard Shambaugh, Pres., Rob't Bitner, Vice Pres., William Mossman, Sec'y, and Leslie Jacobs, Treas. Miss Todd having desired to devote her whole time and attention to the Sorosis, Mr. Neff was asked to act faculty adviser. The society immediately appreciated his assistance and at once began a series of open discussions on topics of general interest. At one meeting the members united with the girls of the Sorosis in carrying out an interesting joint program. As a fitting climax to this successful term the society enjoyed a social evening at the home of one of its members, Houghton Taylor. The next semester, Willard Shambaugh was reelected president, Robert Bitner, Vice Pres., William Mossman, Secy., Ralph Taylor, Treas., and Mr. Neff, faculty advisor, to head the Platonians on the third round of their eventful career. Strengthened by the result of a successful membership campaign, the society, acting upon the suggestion of Mr. Neff, inaugurated a mock legislature and entertained the members of the Sorosis at one of its legislative sessions. This novel

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and instructive departure, interspersed now and then with a timely debate, has carried interest in the society right up to the end of the term.

Mr. Neff, upon whom very great credit falls for providing a steady and helpful hand for a shaky and leaky boat, has the silent thanks of the society for the time and energy he willingly gave to it. Willard Shambaugh and William Mossman, having served three terms as president and secretary, respectively, are entitled to the society's thanks, but after all those who are really responsible for the society's success are the following other members:

Ewart K. Clear.
Arthur L. Mohler.
Wayne L. Thieme.
Hought W. Taylor.
Clarence Miller.
Ralph H. Taylor.
A. Leslie Jacobs.
Robert B. SinClair.
Elis Hoglund.
Harold Kinney.
Herbert Rust.
J. Edward Spiegel.
Paul Kerby.
Leslie Popp.
Robert E. Bitner.
Roland Applebaum.

Harry W. Haller.
Arthur Wilkie.
Joseph L. Underhill.
Clarence Baughman.
Frank O. Miller.
Howard M. Shambaugh.
Howard L. Van Arnam.
Jack Wild.
Isadore Field.
Lowell W. Miles.
Calvin F. Jackson.
Carl Rotherth.
Ivan Welty.
Erwin Kaiser.
Karl Beierlein.
Sam Salon.



SHAMBAUGH

BITNER

MOSSMAN

TAYLOR

JACOBS



The Timothy Club

The newest organization in the high school is the Timothy Club. It is one of the visible results of the recent Lyon evangelistic campaign. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of the revival party, organize clubs among high school students in all cities in which they conduct meetings, and, of course, Fort Wayne is no exception. There is a great need of such clubs because the ignorance of boys and girls about religious matters is sometimes amazing, and so with this end in view that our high school boys ought to know more concerning those matters, this club was formed. Several meetings were held during March in the First Presbyterian Church in which a constitution was adopted and officers were elected. The following were those elected:

President—A. Leslie Jacobs. Vice-president—Hazen Johnston. Secretary-Treasurer—Edwin Haag.

Under the efficient teaching of Mr. Tyner, the boys are learning much about the history of the early Christian church as recorded in Acts. A great many questions of morals and doctrines are brought out, and these are thoroughly thrashed out. In short, the members are learning much, and their minds are being broadened to such an extent that they will have a distinct advantage over those who do not pursue such studies. And, furthermore, the program of meetings has not only included those studies, but also social gatherings; joint social meetings with the girls' club have been given. To add that all this has been immensely enjoyed by the members is a crowning conclusion to this short history.

The Shadow Club

The Shadow Club is a society that was organized by Mrs. Loren Jones, member of the Lyon evangelistic party, in February of this year. The purpose of this organization is to encourage Bible study, promote Christian fellowship among High school girls and strengthen the individual life of the Christian members. The name of the club is taken from the Bible, Acts 5:15. "Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." The meetings are held every week at the Y. W. C. A. from 4:30 until 5:15 on Thursday evenings.

The names of the officers who are: Pres., Ruth Schultheis; Vice President, Treva Marshal; Secretary, Mae Clutter; Treas., Ethel Roberts, were announced several days before the first meeting of the club at a big spread which was held at the Wayne street church in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. This affair was attended by about one hundred and fifty high school people, and "one grand time" was enjoyed by all. It was here that the boys were filled with the enthusiasm which resulted in the organization of the Timothy Club.

Miss Lucile House was selected by the founder of the club as the teacher, and she has certainly proved her capability in teaching and managing this class. Miss Marian Ellingham taught the class a couple times because of the unavoidable absence of Miss House.

All of the girls who have regularly attended the meetings agree that they have received much good from the class and knowledge and inspiration from the teachers.

—R. E. S., President.

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1915



The year 1914-15 of the Fort Wayne High School was a very busy one socially.

The two greatest events of the Senior year were the play and the commencement dance. The first was given in November at the high school Auditorium under the direction of Mr. Charles Shank. The committee, who selected the play, certainly used good judgment when they chose "What Happened To Jones," and the actors and actresses carried it thru splendidly; they deserve much praise for the steady work they put on it. Financially also, it was a great success.

The latter is to be given the night after graduation, at the Minuet Hall. It will be the last event given by the Senior class as students of the high school. As the Annual will go to press before the dance, the details cannot be given here; but everyone knows there is no dance like the Commencement, even if



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the weather is a little too warm for comfort. This years will not only be as good as the former ones but probably much better as there is no class like the 1915.

Besides these events the Seniors gave two class parties. The first was held at Unity Hall, where dancing was the main feature of the evening; the music was furnished by Miss Constance Bogart and Mr. Paul Parks. The main features of the evening were a trip thru Hades and a bean contest. The "trip" consisted of tripping over obstacles in a darkened room—the obstacles were other people who had gone down. The bean contest was rather a failure in actually carrying out the original plan but it turned out to be so much fun, that everyone enjoyed it.

The second class party was given at the high school. Again dancing (which was made possible by the kindness of Miss Bogart and Mr. Parks in giving their services) and games were the main features of the evening. Later ice cream and cakes were served. Of course it is unnecessary to say that everyone had a good time as that is understood when the Seniors give entertainments.

The Juniors did not give as many social events as usual. Their first one, however, was a great success. It was a dance given at Hanker's Hall in October. The Hall was beautifully decorated with pumpkins and witches, in keeping with the Hallowe'en Season.

The second event was the class party given at the high school. A playlet was the main feature of the evening—later punch and cakes were served. Everyone had a good time.

The Junior class is planning to give another party before school closes. It has been decided to give a class party if possible. The details have not been made therefore they can not be given here. However, it should be a great success.

The Sophomores' one party was a great success. They first went to the Jefferson, then over to the Y. W. C. A. where a banquet was served.

The Freshmen also gave only one party, which was held at the high school. They were entertained delightfully in the Auditorium; later they danced and played games, after which they went to the dinning room where a light lunch was served.

The Mathematics Club and the two Literary Clubs were very successful this year. They each held regular meetings at the high school. The Mathematics Club met once a month on Friday, the meetings being called to order at seven-thirty with a talk by one of the teachers. Mr. Ward talked on the Relationship between Mathematics and Geography; Mr. Tyner proved how a regular septagon could be inscribed in a circle; Mr. Reising showed some interesting things about the Magic Square; Miss Wingert and Mr. Neff debated the question "Is Mathematics more beneficial than English to the high school students;" Miss Gardener told about the derivation of our arabic System; Mr. Werremeyer talked on the "History of the Units of the French and English Metric System. Following the talk, one or more of the members gave some entertaining stunts. Then refreshments were served.

The Sorosis, the girls' Literary Society, held fortnightly meetings on Monday evenings after school. First came the business part—then the program, which consisted of talks or recitations by one or more of the members. As there were three or four on each program it would be impossible to name



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them all; but each was very good.

The society also had two parties; both were at the Y. W. C. A. The first was given in the fall term, and was a card party, red letters being the game which was played. The rooms were beautifully decorated in blue and white, the club's colors, and green ice cream and cakes were served later. Miss Todd, the originator and faculty advisor chaperoned the party. The second was a baby party. Each participant came dressed as a little girl; they were given clothes pins to dress as dolls. Delightful refreshments were served, and an all-day sucker tied with a green ribbon was given to each member as a favor.

The Platonians, the boys' Literary Society, guided by Mr. Neff and under his leadership held regular meetings the first semester. The program consisted of readings from some books or papers written by some member. The second semester, Mr. Neff, who acted as faculty advisor had the boys begin a series of discussions on topics of general interest; later a mock legislature was inaugurated.

Besides the high school dances there were several club dances given at Christmas time. The Alpha Omegas started the ball rolling early by giving their dance on Christmas night at the Anthony Hotel. It certainly was a good start, and everyone had a fine time. The second was also given at the Anthony, the hostesses were the girls of the Qui Vive club. The Eta Alpha girls kept the ball rolling on the night of December thirtieth by giving their dance, at the Anthony. The Pi Gammas varied the dances a little by making theirs a hard times dance, and giving it at the Shrine Hall. It was the best dance of the whole lot. The Beta dance ended the Christmas gaiety; it was held on New Years night at the Anthony.

There were many other smaller parties given during the Christmas holidays, but it is impossible to mention them all.

For awhile there was a lull in the social whirl, but it was taken up again around Valentines day and during the spring vacation. There were many parties given in honor of the former high school students and their guests.

Miss Wingert entertained her sister, Miss Ethel Wingert, and the girls varsity team at a well appointed luncheon at Mrs. Shumaker's. Later they went to Miss Wingert's apartment, where everyone had a fine time.

During the last year many Camp Fires have been organized by the high school girls. There are now five groups—The Algonquins under the leadership of Miss Williams—The Little Turtles under Miss Walters—The Kekiongas under Miss Harper—The Polowatami under Miss Underhill, and the Twilight under Miss Brown. They are all enthusiastic workers, as is shown by the many honors the different girls have won, and by the many entertainments they have given.

Under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Jones two clubs have been organized for the study of the Bible. The girls' club known as the Shadow club had many interesting and helpful meetings besides a few social events. The Timothy club, the boy's organization, is also enthusiastic in its work. They held fortnightly meetings taking up some one book of the Bible and studying it thoroughly. The meetings were well attended.

There are many other parties which might be mentioned but it is impossible to give them all, we will let the reader supply the rest. F. P., '16.

The Senior Play

Sara R. Stirling, '15.

The play, "What Happened to Jones," was given by the Senior class on November 23 and 25, 1914, under the personal direction of Mr. Charles Shank. It was presented both nights with brilliant success not only dramatically but also financially. The Auditorium was filled, and judging from the complimentary remarks which were made by the audience and their intense interest while the comedy was in progress, everyone felt well repaid for coming. The whole school has reason to be proud of the Seniors whose excellent portrayal of the various roles gave evidence of considerable talent. The following Seniors composed the cast: Willard Shambaugh, Ebenezer Goodly (a professor of Anatomy); Constance Underhill, Mrs. Goodly; Dorothy Knight, Marjorie (Ebenezer's daughter); Elliott Shulze, Richard Heatherby (engaged to Marjorie); Rosella Rhodes, Alvina Starlight (Mrs. Goodly's sister); Robert Hall, Jones (who travels for a hymn book house); Walter Geller, Thomas Holder (a policeman); Ruth Schultheis, Helma (Swedish servant girl); Lillian Wilding, Cissy (Ebenezer's ward); Marian Bash, Minerva (Ebenezer's daughter); Arthur Mohler, Antony Goodly, D. D. (Bishop of Ballarat); George Riker, William Bigbee (an inmate of the Sanatorium); A. Leslie Jacobs, Henry Fuller (superintendent of the Sanatorium).

Much credit must also be given to the business managers, William O'Rourke and Clarence Heck, and Walter Geller, property man; also to all who helped make the play a success. The financial outcome of the play was excellent, the class having cleared two hundred and sixty dollars.

The Pageant

A most interesting and appropriate entertainment given in the high school auditorium was the Pageant celebrating Old Fort Day, the founding of Fort Wayne. The exercise was planned and cleverly managed by Mrs. C. T. Lane.

Mr. Griswold (the well-known historian), told of the settling of Northern Indiana, of the struggles with the Indians, of the various attempts to establish a fort on the St. Mary's river and of the determination and perseverance of George Washington who, through General Wayne, succeeded in accomplishing this task. The important historical scenes were given by the students in costume. The Indians, chiefs and squaws with their birch bark canoes, worked about their wigwams; they traded with the white men, and danced over their victories. Little Turtle, the most famous chief of this territory, was impersonated by Paul Kerby. William Mossman represented George Washington. The Fairy scene was one of the most beautiful. In this the Spirit of Fort Wayne (Helen Stopher), with the Spirits of Will, Wood Nymphs and Water Spirits reveled in the future of Fort Wayne.

The real establishment of the fort was made by General Wayne (Willard Shaumbaugh) in whom Washington placed great confidence. His coming on the stage with his army and unfurling the flag made an effective ending of the Pageant.



Athletics





Senior FOOT BALL

SENIORS WIN

The Seniors swamped the Freshies on a damp field at Swinney Park on Monday evening, October 19, by a score of 30 to 0.

The Freshies' defeat is due to their weak line, through which the Seniors plunged time after time for good gains. The Freshies had one strong defensive man on the line in the person of Kendall, who bore the brunt of the Senior tackles.

The Freshies had the kick-off and the Seniors carried the ball back to the middle of the field. After a number of line plunges Geller carried the ball through the Freshmen line for the first touchdown of the game. The first quarter ended with the Seniors leading by six points. The first half of the second quarter was a repetition of the first quarter, as Geller again carried the ball through the Freshmen line after a number of line plunges. The Seniors now changed the style of attack and used the forward pass repeatedly with great success. During this half O'Rourke made a perfect pass of 30 yards to little Granger, who was playing a great game, who carried the ball to the Freshman 3 yard line, where he was tackled and injured in the fall, Seibt replacing him at end. The Seniors were not able to cross the Freshies' line and lost the ball. The ball was now carried to the middle of the field by a spectacular run by Peterson, this play ending the first half. The Freshies received the kick in the third quarter and brought it to the middle of the field, but lost the ball on a fumble, which Waterman grabbed and made the third touchdown of the game. A few line plunges and a forward pass to Seibt gave the Seniors the fourth touchdown of the game, the third quarter ending with the Seniors 24 points to the good. The game during the last quarter was a see-saw affair, during which the Seniors again scored on a forward pass to Seibt, which made the Senior total 30 and the Freshmen 0.

The line-up and score—

1915 (30).		1918 (0).
Granger-Seibt	L. E.	Dannecker
Craig	L. T.	Myers
Williams	L. G.	Maier
Waterman	C.	Stahl
Seibt-Phipps	R. G.	Stouder
Parnin	R. T.	Kendall
O'Rourke	R. E.	Allen
Foster	Q. B.	Brophy
Geller	L. H.	Peterson
Saylor	F. B.	Stockenburger
	R. H.	Strudel

Touchdowns—Waterman, 1; Geller, 2; Seibt, 2.

Referee—Outland ('16). Timekeeper—Steup ('15). Head Linesman—Coil ('15).

BASKET BALL

(By C. Heck.)

The Senior class was well represented in every branch of athletics this year, and enjoyed a most successful season, regarding percentage of wins and losses. But there is no doubt who came out the best financially, since the Seniors made about four times as much money as all the other classes.

We had a very formidable team in football, so we had little trouble in trouncing the Freshmen in the only class game in which we participated. Further accounts of this game will be found above.

In the basketball league our boys were runners-up. We duly acknowledge that the Juniors, the leaders, had the best class team in the history of the school, and we only hope that they will do better next year. As a matter of fact, we wish to state that we were the only five to obey the eligibility rules for the class games, so we deserve much credit for the showing of our eligible team.

On January 20th our male quintet walloped the Freshmen by the score of 43 to

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16. Throughout the first period of the game each side showed great form, and the Seniors were held to a 19-to-8 score. But the second period the Freshmen were unable to stand the strain, and the Seniors practically had everything their own way. During the last period Kendall was the only Freshman who was able to locate the basket. He tallied three times in succession from the floor. Seibt proved to be the shining star on account of his spectacular guarding; Shulze was high man on the scoring end, dropping ten baskets through the netting. The line-up and score:

SENIORS, (43).

Shulze
Diffendorfer-Geller
Buck-Steup
Geller-Diff.
Seibt

FRESHMEN, (16).

F. Stahl
F. Moellering
C. Kendall
G. Strodel-Figel
G. Lake

Field Goals—Shulze, 10; Diff, 1; Geller, 5; Buck, 1; Steup, 3; Seibt, 1; Stahl, 4; Kendall, 3.

Free Throws—Geller, 1; Stahl, 2.

Referee—Kendricks, '17.

The outcome of our battle with the Juniors and Sophomores will be found in their respective sections of this number. Yet, we would like to say a word concerning the Sophomores, and that is that we not only desired a return game, but we even challenged them for one, yet all was for naught, since they had a ten-inch "yellow streak" down their backs. We sincerely hope that they will not be offended by this.

Our girl sextet was the undisputed champion of its league, since it went through the season without a blot. They not only won every game, but did so by a decisive score.

On December 18th they defeated the Freshies sextet in a one-sided game by the score of 25 to 6. Immediately following the first whistle the Senior girls got away to a flying start, and it was not until the second period that the 1918 aggregation were able to count. This victory was due to the superior team play of the 1915 team. Every time the ball was under the Freshies' basket it seemed certain that they would score, but the Misses Barth and Brueckner would send that ball up the floor on a

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journey which usually resulted in a basket. At the end of the first period the score was 10 to 0 and in the second half Miss Warner had dropped three field goals in and Miss Duemling one before Miss Wermuth counted the Freshies' first point. At this point the score was 18 to 1, and the Freshies rallied, but it was too late, for the whistle soon ended the game. The line-up and score:

SENIORS, (25).		FRESHMEN, (6).	
Duemling	F.	Siedler-Roudabaugh	
Warner	F.	Wermuth	
Koegel	C.	Goeglein	
Bash	S. C.	Smith	
Barth	G.	Wilkins	
Brueckner	G.	Pohlmeyer	
Field Goals—Duemling, 7; Warner, 5; Wermuth, 1; Roudabaugh, 1.			
Free Throws—Duemling, 1; Wermuth, 2.			
Referee—Miss Wingert.			

BOWLING

Our bowling five started the class bowling "bee" when we organized to play the faculty. We met with great surprise. All the members of the faculty had been practicing earnestly, and they were in "A" form that evening, while our squad was unable to stand the roasting of the rooters, consequently they bowled in "P" form for the first two games. In the third game our squad kept the ball on the drives and ran up fairly high scores. All members of the faculty bowled consistently, while Coil was the only Senior who rolled in regular form. The line-up and score:

FACULTY.					SENIORS.				
	1st	2nd	3rd	Av.		1st	2nd	3rd	Av.
McMillen	141	168	154	154	Steup	91	...	188	140
Neff	128	160	186	158	Foster	93	...	93
Coats	104	133	128	122	Riker	142	101	131	125
Croninger	119	134	123	125	Rauch	98	128	194	140
Ritter	176	164	176	172	Saylor	121	140	169	143
					Coil	134	175	171	160
	668	759	767	731		586	633	857	692
Total	2194				Total	2076			

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Then we rolled the Sophomore team and gave them a terrible drubbing. Again we got away to a poor start, yet we continually improved as the games progressed. We won the entire series, and had a 156 to spare in totals. O'Rourke was a new man in our line-up, and his 206 in the third game was high score. The line-up and score:

SENIORS.				SOPHOMORES.			
	1st	2nd	3rd		1st	2nd	3rd
Saylor	147	165	181	Barnett	94	113	159
Rauch	102	125	155	Fishman	160	147	114
Steup	98	Kendrick	102	109	136
O'Rourke	151	139	206	Jackson	121	165	177
Riker	129	136	Apfelbaum	103	109	122
Coil	96	130	125				
	594	688	803		580	643	706
Total	2085			Total	1929		

Our score with the Juniors will be found in their section, as will the score of the baseball game with the Sophomores be found in their respective section.

Junior BASKET BALL



The Junior class succeeded in getting away with most of the season's honors in Athletics. The Inter-class basket ball championship fell to our share, after having defeated the Seniors and Freshmen. Owing to the fact that the Sophomores refused to play us, we claimed the championship over all three classes. Besides the above victories, our team defeated that of the International Business College. Basket ball was not

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our only strong point, however, for in bowling we were the only school team to defeat the faculty, and that's saying a good deal. Following is a list of the basket ball games which our team played:

Seniors Walloped. Our class won its first game from the Seniors on January 6th. From the start our players had it all over their opponents and were leading at the end of the first half by a 22-6 score. From then on, the Seniors worked a little harder and managed to pull themselves closer. Their efforts were of little use, however, for our boys were ahead when the final whistle blew, leading their opponents by a score of 32-20.

Juniors 35 vs. Freshmen 7.

This game with the 1918 team on Feb. 8th, cinched the championship for our class as the Sophomores, realizing that we outclassed them, refused to play us. The Freshmen played close ball up to the second half, but endurance won out, and the Junior boys heaped on count after count until the score read 35 to 7 at the final whistle. Myers with his lucky 13 (baskets) was the hero of this contest.

Juniors 23 vs. I. B. C. College 15.



Our boys certainly took the I. B. C.'s down a notch on March 19th when they copped the game by a 23 to 15 score. The first half was close, but things opened up during the second. From a 10 to 9 advantage in the first half, our boys had climbed to a 23 to 15 lead at the final whistle.

Detzer played remarkably good ball for the Juniors while Keil of the I. B. C.'s played a classy game for the opponents.

1916 GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

The girls of the Junior Basket Ball Team played only a few games as a class; these were all with the Senior or Varsity Team, and as there were no official records kept, the games can not be recorded here. However, the girls showed individually what they could do when they played on the first or second High School team.

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Marian Cherry, who played side center, showed what was in her. This year was the first time she played in that position, and she certainly deserves praise. Her playing was splendid in every phase and she will develop into a fine player for the Senior Team.

Esther Miller played forward, taking the basket position, and she certainly did splendid work, considering it was the first season she had ever played basket ball. She is very quick and also a good basket thrower. Much praise is due her also.

Clara McMillen, another beginner, played forward usually taking the line position. She proved to be particularly good at getting the ball, when her center batted it towards their goal, throwing it to her partner and reaching the basket in time to catch it again, if the partner had missed the goal. She, herself, is a good free thrower as well as a good basket thrower.

The various abilities of the other girls on the team are set forth among the varsity write-ups. —F. P. '16.

BOWLING

The Juniors have easily proved themselves the champions of the School in this sport. We started by downing the Faculty in a hotly contested game, and later defeated the C. C. H. S. by a narrow margin. In the Faculty game, Gerke starred for the Juniors, rolling 258. Meyers came next, rolling 188. The rest of the players gave an excellent account of themselves. Mr. Ritter rolled the highest score for the Faculty (195) and Croniger was second with 178.

The score—

JUNIORS.					FACULTY.						
1st.	2d.	3d.	Ave.	Total.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Ave.	Total.		
Thompson	184	123	156	154	463	McMillen	169	150	171	163	490
Myers	134	105	188	142	427	Coats	149	139	115	134	403
Gerke	169	146	258	191	573	Ritter	195	148	148	164	491
Popp	159	136	121	139	416	Neff	134	138	155	142	427
Compton	137	129	149	138	415	Croninger	137	138	178	151	453
<hr/>					<hr/>					<hr/>	
2,294										2,264	

Hille rolled high in the Junior-C. C. H. S. game (187); Thompson was a close second, rolling 186. This was a very close game, as we won by 27 pins.

DeWald (C. C. H. S.) rolled the highest score of the evening, spilling 210. The score:

JUNIORS.					C. C. H. S.						
	1st.	2d.	3d.	Ave.	Total.		1st.	2d.	3d.	Ave.	Total.
Thompson	186	148	144	159	159	Beck	136	181	187	168	504
Bogenschuetz	150	148	156	151	454	Centlivre	148	107	153	136	408
Gerke	159	157	124	146	440	DeWald	156	120	210	162	486
Hille	187	138	142	156	467	Fry	129	126	121	160	379
Jensen	149	155	143	145	447	Parrott	180	174	128	126	482
					2,286						2,259

Sophomore FOOT BALL

SOPHS AND JUNIORS DISAGREE.

The football teams of the Sophomores and Juniors played three quarters of a game at Lawton Park on October 13th, but did not finish the game. The game is thrown out of the class championship games because neither team would finish the game, as both captains ordered their teams to leave the field in the third quarter after a quarrel.

SOPHS DOWN FRESHIES.

The first inter-class game of the season was staged at Lawton Park on October 7th, when the Sophs defeated the Freshies by a score of 24 to 0.

The weight and speed of the Sophs soon made the Freshies sit up and take notice, and at the end of the first half the Sophs had piled up 18 points. The Sophs made their gains by constantly plowing big Bauerle through the light Freshman line, and by some neat forward passes to Kendricks. Hornburger also made good gains around end, and

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proved to be a hard man to tackle. Little Barnett called his signals rapidly and kept his team on the jump all the time, and he is a hard man to beat. The Freshmen were playing a defensive game and Kendall stood out prominently with his spectacular play at tackle.

The line-up and score—

1917 (24).	1918 (0).
Daly	L. E. Dannecker
Bonahoom	L. T. Maier
Erwin-Moriss	L. G. Myers
Boyer	C. Stahl
Reading	R. G. Stouder
Bauss	R. T. Kendall
Borkenstein	R. E. Allen
Barnett	Q. B. Brophy
Bauerle	L. H. Peterson
Hornburger	F. B. Stockenburger
Kendrick	R. H. Strodel

Touchdowns—Kendrick, 3; Bauerle, 1.
Referee—Bradley ('16). Timekeeper—Professor Croninger. Head Linesman—Outland ('16).

BASKET BALL

(By C. H.)

Our basket ball team played but one inter-class game this season and that was against the strong Senior five. We surely showed ourselves superior to the 1915 crowd. The Sophomore rooters who attended this game were rather doubtful as to our chances for victory, but before many minutes had passed all uneasiness had subsided. We went into the game with numerous odds against us. First, the Seniors had two 'varsity players, and, secondly, our squad went into the game without having ever played together. In spite of these odds, our team proved that it was equal to the occasion, and so it came across with flying colors. As the score, which was 28 to 26 indicates, the game was a hotly contested one, with neither side certain of a win. Soon after the first whistle was blown, Kendricks put the Sophs into the lead. Harry's basket was the result of some fast floor work. Although we lost the lead frequently, yet Howard "Wallace" Bauerle always came across with a life-saver. Any time that we were hard pressed, the big Swede would come smashing through, grab the ball, and, with the aid of Kendricks, would carry the ball out of danger. Just before the final whistle the Senior aggregation made a desperate spurt, yet all was for naught.

BOWLING

Our class had a bowling team, and, although it did not win any games, its members deserve credit for the pains which they took to sustain the honor of the class. The score of the game with the faculty is given below:

SOPHS			FACULTY.		
	1st.	2d.	3d.		
Jackson	125	132	147	McMillen	149 137 123
Miller	90	149	84	Neff	158 98 132
Apfelbaum	122	117	...	Coats	141 163 120
Barnett	111	161	134	Croninger	121 120 191
Fishman	146	174	140	Ritter	151 140 180
Kendrick	125	Totals	720 631 756
Totals	594	733	630		

Next season we intend to have a bowling team which will make the other teams look sick. Our prospects for a good team next semester are very encouraging. Our players have passed through the stage-fright period, and next season will be able to roll without being annoyed by the jeering of the opposing teams. Fishman and Jackson finished with our highest averages, and everything predicts for a still better year for them next semester.



Freshman BASKET BALL

The 1918 class, the Freshmen, deserves a great deal of credit for their interest taken in athletics, as they had an eligible basket ball team, and made an excellent showing, participating in eleven games. This is the largest number of games ever played by a class team, and the players were always in condition owing to the watchful eye of Mr. Reising, their coach. The members of the Freshmen class take this means of thanking Mr. Reising for the interest he has taken in their teams during the past season.

The reports of the teams are given below; the first game of the season resulted in a victory for the freshmen, triumphing over Skinny Steup's Scrubs by the score of 23 to 7. The line-up and score:

FRESHMEN (23)		S. S. S. (7).	
Dannecker	F.....	Wooding	
Stahl	F.....	Hall	
Kendall	C.....	Steup	
Strodel	G.....	Smith	
Stouder	G.....	Figel	

Field Goals—Dannecker, 2; Kendall, 2, Stahl, 5; Stouder, 1; Wooding, 1; Steup, 1.
Free Throws—Dannecker, 3; Steup, 2.

In a return match the Freshmen again came out victorious winning this contest by the score of 27 to 15.

FRESHMEN (27)		S. S. S. (15).	
Dannecker	F.....	Granger	
Stahl	F.....	Shulze	
Kendall	C.....	Steup	
Moellering	G.....	Gerke	
Figel	G.....	Hall-Geller	

Field Goals—Dannecker, 3; Stahl, 5; Kendall, 5; Geller, 1; Granger, 3; Shulze, 2.
Foul Goals—Dannecker, 1; Steup, 2; Granger, 2.

The next two games resulted in defeats for the Freshmen quintette, the Senior and Junior teams winning their respective games, the accounts of which are given in their sections.

In the fifth game of the season the Freshmen displayed rare basket ball form, and they came out victorious over the strong F. W. H. S. Varsity Scrub Aggregation, winning a hotly contested game by the score of 19 to 17.

FRESHMEN (19).		SCRUBS (17).	
Stahl	F.....	Detzer	
Kendall	F.....	Warfel	
Dannecker	C.....	Outland	
Moellering	G.....	Kendricks	
Lake	G.....	Gerke	

Field Goals—Kendall, 2; Stahl, 5; Dannecker, 2; Warfel, 2; Detzer, 1; Outland, 1; Gerke, 1; Kendricks, 2.

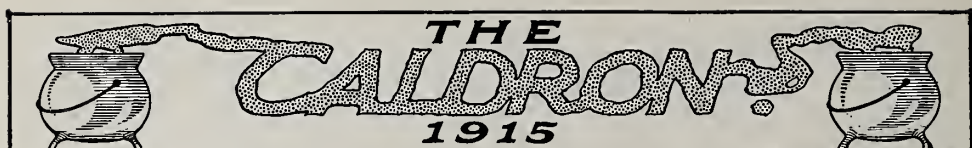
Free Throws—Dannecker, 1; Kendricks, 3.

In the next game the Freshmen branched out into the basket ball field, tackling a non-school aggregation and winning in a bitterly contested game by the close score of 24 to 20.

FRESHMEN (24).		LYCEUM BRAVES (20).	
Kendall	F.....	Houlihan	
Stahl	F.....	Redding	
Lake	C.....	Haley	
Moellering	G.....	Kinney	
Strodel	G.....	Wyes	

Field Goals—Kendall, 1; Stahl, 1; Strodel, 4; Lake, 2; Moellering, 4; Kinney, 7; Houlihan, 2; Haley, 1.

The Freshmen were encouraged by their win over the Lyceum Braves and again tackled an outside organization, the St. Paul Juniors, but this time they were not so successful, as the strong Junior five from the St. Paul church walked away with the contest, winning by a 37 to 8 score on their own floor.



FRESHMEN (8)

Kendall	F.....	Gerberding
Stahl	F.....	Craft
Dannecker	C.....	Koenig
Lake	G.....	Wehrenburg
Strodel-Moellering	G.....	Walda

ST. PAUL JUNIORS (37).

The next struggle resulted in an over-time game, but after seven minutes of extra play the Freshmen were successful in defeating the Concordia College T. I. C. by the score of 24 to 21.

FRESHMEN (24).

Kendall	F.....	Webb
Stahl	F.....	Nord
Dannecker	C.....	Sommers
Lake-Strodel	G.....	Laudeman
Moellering	G.....	

T. I. C. (21).

Field Goals—Stahl, 3; Kendall, 2; Dannecker, 1; Strodel, 3; Webb, 3; Nord, 2; Sommers, 2; Pelker, 1.

Foul Goals—Kendall, 3; Dannecker, 3; Webb, 5.

The next game was featured by close guarding by both sides, and a close score resulted. In this game the Freshmen were able to pile up a total of twelve points, while their opponents, the Hubs, were only able to hang onto eight.

FRESHMEN (12).

Stahl	F.....	Safford
Kendall	F.....	Bouss
Dannecker	C.....	Waterfield
Strodel-Moellering	G.....	Miers
Lake	G.....	Koenig

HUBS (8).

Field Goals—Stahl, 1; Kendall, 3; Dannecker, 2; Safford, 2; Bouss, 2.

In another closely contested game, again close guarding being the feature, the Freshmen defeated the South Side Amateurs by the score of 10 to 4.

FRESHMEN (10).

Stahl	F.....	Rohan
Lake	F.....	Bauss
Kendall	C.....	Waterfield
Strodel	G.....	Safford
Moellering	G.....	Eagley

S. S. A. (4).

Field Goals—Stahl, 1; Kendall, 2; Strodel, 1; Moellering, 1; Bauss, 2.

In the last game of the season the Freshmen won from the Cardinals by the score of 28 to 6.

FRESHMEN (28).

Stahl	F.....	Meyers
Kendall	F.....	Ackerman
Lake	C.....	Woenker
Strodel	G.....	Kirkland
Moellering	G.....	App

CARDINALS (6).

Field Goals—Stahl, 6; Kendall, 1; Lake, 4; Moellering, 2; Strodel, 1; Ackerman, 2; App, 1.

FOOT BALL

The students of the F. W. H. S. were given their first smell of powder when the 1914 football war broke out at Lawton Park on October 2, between the Freshies of the F. W. H. S. and the same class from the Central Catholic High School. The wearers of the blue and white were victorious over the purple and yellow, bringing back a 30 to 4 victory.

Our Freshies had been well drilled, and the outcome was not unexpected. The open style of play was used by both teams, but our football warriors used it to better advantage. Peterson, Kendall and Strodel did the heavy work for our Freshies, while Kelly and Loos took most of the knocks for the C. C. H. S.

A fair-sized crowd was in attendance and the rooting was about equally divided. The class of '18 are to be complimented for opening the season, as a Freshman class seldom beats the older classes in doing this.

C. C. H. S. 1918 (0).

F. W. H. S. 1918 (30).

Varsity



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BASKET BALL



COIL.

Herschel Coil, '15, was chosen captain of the varsity to fill the vacancy of Kendrick, who was ineligible. Coil was always considered a strong man on his class teams, and he made the varsity in 1914. He is a sure fielder and a hard hitter, and is considered one of the most valuable men on the squad. It was mainly through the efforts of Coil that Ft. W. High was represented by a team at all this season. Coil's services are ended as he graduates this year.

"JAKE" RITTER.

Mr. J. J. Ritter, a graduate of Purdue University, and Supervisor of Manual Training in the public schools, has had entire charge of our baseball teams, as well as treasurer of the athletic association. Mr. Ritter received much credit for his work in 1912, when his two-weeks old team captured third place in the Indiana High School Base Ball Tournament. Since then he has turned out good teams. During the present season Mr. Ritter could not give his entire attention to baseball, on account of business matters, and as a result the team was not as successful as former years.

DIFFENDORFER.

Diffendorfer's services as captain and chief mainstay of the basketball squad are not his only accomplishments, as he is considered some baseball player, and is the best pitcher that the school has possessed in years. This is his third year as a member of the varsity and he certainly has given a good account of himself. When Diff lets out his speed the ball changes from an ordinary baseball to an invisible atom. Thoss graduates this year and a vacancy will be caused which certainly will be hard to fill.

KENDALL.

Kendall is a Freshman and is starting his baseball career early. Kendall is a hard hitter and a consistent player and he surely ought to make baseball hum for the next three years in Ft. W. H. S. Kendall has proved to be a very valuable man in the pitcher's box, but has been equally valuable as an infielder, his qualification for both positions making him a good man to have on the squad.

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HILLEGASS.

"Bob" was a member of that famous 1912 baseball team that brought home third honors in the I. H. S. A. A. meet and he was certainly worthy of a position on the team. He still retains that sure fielding and hard hitting ability that made him so valuable then. His optimistic views of all the workings of fate has cheered the team up on many occasions, and he is always possessed with the necessary "pep" to make a team successful. Bob has been a strong factor on the infield and his graduation will break up a winning combination that has made Ft. Wayne High so successful in the past.

COOK.

Cook is a new man on the varsity. He never came out for practice in former years, and if he had done so would undoubtedly have been rendering four years of valuable baseball service to dear old Ft. Wayne High. Cook has the honor of being the only portsider on the squad and he is a hard hitter. Cook plays out in the sun gardens and the flies will have to be chased by some one else next year because he graduates this year.

PEVERT.

"Dutch" has taken up the strings where the "Invincible" Roberts left off. Roberts graduation was a great loss, as few can hold a ball after it has left the hands of Diffendorfer, but Pevert proved to be the man. "Dutch" is a Sophomore and has two more years to give his best to the Ft. W. H. S. He was kept back last year on account of ineligibility. He is a sure hitter and invariably delivers in the pinches.

BARNETT.

Van is a Sophomore, but he made his first appearance this spring on the ball diamond, because he was held back by a sore arm last spring. Van is a hard worker and eager to learn, a combination which ought to bring him at the top of the ladder. Van's fielding was superb and he had the honor of being lead off man all season.

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RUNYAN.

This is Runyan's first year on the varsity, and he immediately made an impression on the coaches. Runyan has one more year in school and should give still better account of himself next year. We are all looking for good work from you next year so "get busy Runy old top."

FOERSTER.

Foerster also made his first appearance on the varsity this spring, and proved to be a valuable outfielder. Foerster can also give a good account of himself on the infield, especially on first base. He still has three more years of baseball service in him, because he is only a Freshman. Foerster's play was featured this year by his good work in the pinches, always being capable of delivering.

MOORE.

Moore is a member of the Junior class, but made his first appearance in a high school uniform this spring. He plays in the outfield and his brilliant fielding was a great help to the success of the team. Moore delivered the goods at the bat and gave a good account of himself in all the games.

SHOUP.

Wolcottville H. S. donated "Pinkie" Shoup to our fast aggregation of ball tossers. He was used at first base at Wolcottville, but gave such a good account of himself in center field that he retained that position all season. His speedy work in the outfield reduced many hits that were tagged for extra bags to mere singles. "Pinkie" is a Sophomore and has two more years to surprise the baseball world in the Ft. W. H. S.

BASKET BALL



COACH "HARRY" THOMAS.

Prof. Harry Thomas broke into the faculty of our high school in 1911. He is an efficient instructor both in manual training and in basket ball. Harry is a graduate of Purdue university, and his knowledge of the game is complete. He has officiated at a number of the most important matches of the city's best team during the last few years. Harry has given much of his valuable time to the coaching of the teams, and has been very successful in the last four years. The student body takes this means of thanking Harry for his conscientious work in the past, and we hope that he will continue to handle the basketball teams in the future.

COACH WINGERT.

Miss Eva Wingert enrolled in 1911 as a mathematics teacher in our high school, but soon found herself as the chief coach of the girl's basket ball team. Coach Wingert is a graduate of Indiana University, and for the last four seasons she has demonstrated to us her excellent coaching abilities. The position of a coach in a high school certainly is a tiresome task, therefore we all wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to Miss Wingert, the best coach the girls ever had, and we wish her unbounded success for next year.

"PHATT."

Captain Thoss Diffendorfer was not discovered by our coaches until his Junior year, and undoubtedly if he had been induced to go to practices before that year, he would have been featuring the basketball team's play for the last four years. "Diff" is not only the best guard in this section of the state, but he is also a bear in a forward position. As a reward for his faithfulness and his ability, "Diff" was chosen to captain the team, although he had only been on the squad for one season, and in this capacity he proved to be a decided success. Since "Diff" graduates, his services will be lost to the school. We do not doubt but that we will soon hear of his fine playing on a college team or the fast Zanesville Independents.

"JENNIE."

Jennie Duemling, '15, has been playing forward on the varsity team for the last two seasons and captain this last season. Jennie played on her Freshmen and Sophomore class teams and easily made the varsity teams in her Junior year. Under the guidance of Coach Wingert, she has developed into the best forward the school has ever had, and her speed and accuracy in shooting made her the mainstay of the team this season. Jennie seldom missed a practice and played every game for the last two seasons, although sometimes she was barely able to do so. She led her team through a victorious season and there is no doubt that her loss will be severely felt next season, as Jennie graduates this year.

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"TEC."

Tecula Wermuth is only a Freshman but she has been a regular varsity forward all season. Last fall Coach Wingert was in dire need of a forward and Tec made a strong impression on her at the first try out. Tec has a long reach and with her speed she fit in nicely in the team play, making her a very valuable "man" for her position. Tec played every game this season and showed her ability to shoot from all angles of the field. We surely expect to hear great things from her in the next three years, for under the watchful eye of Miss Wingert she should develop into pretty much of a wonder before she graduates.

"HUNK."

Walter Geller, '15, did not join the squad until February, as his credits just lacked an ace of being up to the requirements. He is among the best players in the neighborhood since he is at home in either a forward or guard position. Undoubtedly, next to "Whitie" Gerberding, '14, no one has done more for the betterment of athletics in this school than "Hunk" has. He is some athletic editor, and thru his never tiring efforts, the athletic section of the Caldron has been in such fine condition that it was well worth the time which it took to read it. "Hunk's" services are ended, since he will graduate this June.

"FISHY"—(Captain Elect.)

Fredonia Herring, '16, has been the mainstay at center of the girls team for the last two seasons, and as a result she has been chosen by her teammates to captain the team next year. "Fishie" surely

put up some clever game at center this year, and she continually showed up the "beauties" from the neighboring burgs. Since she was continually in the midst of the team play, she must be given endless credit for the success of the girls team. Undoubtedly Fredonia will prove to be not only a star center next season, but also a capable captain, so we expect to hear nothing but praise concerning her. She has our best wishes for a successful season.

"PUDGE."

Harry Kendricks, '17, made his first appearance as a regular forward this season and he surely made some impression on Coach Thomas. Although "Pudge" is lighter than the average basketballer, he could hold his own easily against his weighty opponents. Harry was one of the few players who were able to remain on the squad thruout the entire season. Harry is only a Sophomore, and wonders can be expected of him in the next two years, for he surely will keep improving under Coach Thomas. Get to work early and show 'em how, Harry.

"BASHY."

Marian Bash, '15, has been a familiar figure in basketball circles ever since she entered high school. For the last two seasons Bashy has successfully held the position of side center on the varsity team. As side center last year, she was always in the midst of the team play, and could always be counted upon to be at the right place at the right time. When it comes to scrappy playing, Bashy is equal to the best of them and has led her opponents a merry chase. Bashy graduates this year but we hope to hear of her success in athletics at Wellesly soon.

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"BRICK."

Wilma Brueckner, '15, made her first appearance in basketball last year, and immediately made a favorable impression on the coaches. She developed rapidly into a good guard and her strong defensive play and speedy passwork made her a valuable asset to the team, and it was very much regretted by everyone that "Willie" finished her course in February and was therefore ineligible to play. Even though she could not play, she practised regularly with the team after February, and did everything in her power to make the varsity team a success.

"MUSKRAT"—(Captain Elect.)

Although Herbert Myers, '16, did not join the squad at the beginning of the season, he has been the mainstay of the team at center and forward, and he is indeed worthy of the honor which his teammates have bestowed upon him. This year was Dutch's second season as a regular on the squad, and since he has always improved, it is needless to say that again next year he will be the mainstay. It was a common expression to hear the opposing clubs say watch Myers. His speed, accuracy, and "pep" have always been an inspiration to his teammates, and he is largely responsible for the perfect form of team play derived last season. Here is hoping great things from the "Whithead" next year not only as player, but also as captain.

"PICKY."

Florence Pickard, '16, joined the squad this winter and immediately made good at guard. Previous to this year Picky played forward on her class teams; but this fall Coach Wingert tried her out at guard, and she also proved to be the

"man" for the position. Her speedy, long throws and brilliant defensive work have helped to keep our opponent's scores down considerably. Picky has another year at school and we will be sure to hear great things from her next season at guard.

"TOMMY."

Tom Outland, '16, also made his first appearance in a varsity uniform this season and has played every game during the past year. Tommy was obliged to start the season at center, but as soon as conditions would permit Coach Thomas gave him his entire attention and Tommy developed into the best back guard in the state. Outland deserves much credit for his playing, as he did not miss a game, and he did not try for individual honors, but was always willing to break into the team play. Since Tommy has another year, the coaches will not have to worry about a back guard next year.

"BARTHY."

Although Gertrude Barth, '15, was among those who did not join the squad until February, she soon regained her former abilities as a guard, which brought her so much credit last year. Barthy made her presence known in the first game in which she played, as she held her opposing forward to a lone basket. She is not only fast, but also uses her speed to a decided advantage. Gertrude also takes care of the girls athletics which are published in the Caldron; and by so doing the girls have for the first time been given credit for their work in the Caldron. She was also manager of the girls interclass basketball league. Gertrude will be lost by graduation and her absence will certainly be felt next year.

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"GUS."

August Detzer, '16, has been one of the most conscientious workers on the team. Although he was unable to break in as a regular, he practiced earnestly thereby he gave the school his best. Gust could fit in pretty handily at any position, making him a valuable man to have on the squad. Gust is a Junior and it is certain that he will be heard of next year.

"BICKY."

Winifred Bicknell, '16, has always been a loyal basket ball rooter, but it was not until this season that she played the game to any great extent. This season, Bicky has been playing side center on her class team with great success, and had a chance to show her splendid ability and clever pass work in our last game with South Whitley. As Bickey is only a Junior, we expect to hear great things from her next year as a regular varsity side center.

"HERB."

This was Herbert Buck's first year on the team, and although he acted as a substitute during the latter half of the season, he put up a great showing in the earlier part of the year. Since Herb was not compelled to carry fifteen hours, he was ineligible according to the state rules to participate in the games after February. This year is Herb's last in high school, therefore he will be lost to the school's athletics. Goodbye.

"BERNICE."

Although Bernice Koegel, '15, has only played one game as guard on the varsity team, she deserves much credit for her conscientious work for the last two seasons. Capable of playing any position, Bernice made an excellent substitute and was always ready to help her team to victory. When we played South Whitley, Bernice also made her first appearance as a varsity guard and was conspicuous for her clever defensive work. As she graduates this year, we all wish to thank her for her never failing loyalty to the team.

BASKET BALL SUMMARY

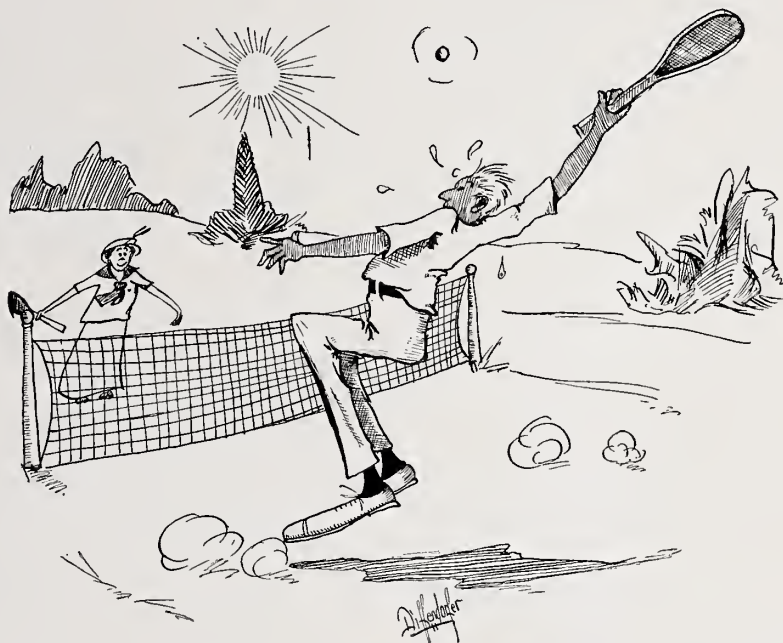
GIRLS.

Normal, 21; Fort Wayne, 14.
Normal, 10; Fort Wayne, 13.
Bluffton, 4; Fort Wayne, 9.
Bluffton, 14; Fort Wayne, 8.
South Whitley, 14; Fort Wayne, 18.
South Whitley, 16; Fort Wayne, 25.

BOYS.

Huntington, 38; Fort Wayne, 15.
Bluffton, 67; Fort Wayne, 10.
Bluffton, 24; Fort Wayne, 5.
Ossian, 31; Fort Wayne, 16.
Ossian, 18; Fort Wayne, 30.
Muncie, 19; Fort Wayne, 21.
Huntington (forfeit) 0; Fort Wayne, 2.
Defiance, 29; Fort Wayne, 19.
Muncie, 29; Fort Wayne, 24.

Tennis



In the second annual tennis tournament held by the F. W. H. S., Vernon and O'Rourke retained their championship in easy fashion in the doubles by defeating Saylor and Knight.

"Bill" brought honors to himself and to the class of 1915 by defeating Vernon, his running mate in the doubles, thus carrying off the championship in the singles. He also won the mixed doubles with Miss McCurdy as his partner.

The management of the second annual tennis tournament deserves credit for bringing the tournament to a successful end, as all sets were played on scheduled time. Tennis is now regarded as a regular branch of athletics in the High School, and arrangements have been made for the Third Annual Tennis Tournament, in which O'Rourke will defend his title, and if he is successful he will be the first student to carry off the school championship, as Bill graduates this year and will not compete in any more school tournaments. Thoss Diffendorfer was selected as secretary of the Third Annual Tennis Tournament, and kept things moving in a lively manner. A committee composed of O'Rourke, Geller, and Myers arranged the schedule and the tournament was officially started on May 10th, when the first round was completed. The results of the rounds were received too late to publish, but the schedule of the various rounds is as follows: 1st Round, May 10th; 2nd Round, May 14th; 3rd Round, May 17th; 4th Round, May 21st; 5th Round, May 24th; 6th Round, May 28th. The committee in charge secured the use of two courts in Swinney Park, and this greatly aided in carrying out the tournament on scheduled time. The Faculty also were represented by a Faculty Tournament, and the winner of the Faculty Tournament is scheduled to play the winner of the student tournament.



Park Board

The enthusiasm displayed among the students in the tennis tournament constantly brought up the question, "Where can we get courts." Mr. Stiess, secretary of the Park Board, was awake to the fact and directly through his efforts an enlargement of tennis courts was ordered for Swinney Park. There will be twelve courts in this batch and they will be the best in the state. The courts will be of the latest construction, having a clay surface and tile drainage system. These courts are planned to be ready for occupancy by the first of July, and will greatly help the crowded tennis conditions which are prevalent at the present time. Tennis has fast become popular, and the number of permits issued for the courts has more than doubled itself in the past few years. Tennis is not the only sport that will receive improvement by the Park Board, because the popularity of base ball and foot ball demand new space, and as a result the Park Board is making arrangements for them. At present plans have been laid for a municipal athletic field, which will contain fields for all lines of sport. Mr. Stiess, who is a lover of out-door sports, expects to make great improvements in the public parks in the next few years, and although a high school athletic field will not be realized, we will have a municipal athletic field.

As the Caldron goes to press, the Third Annual Tennis Tournament is being played off by high school students. Although it is impossible at the present writing to announce the winners, the results of the matches which have been played off at this time are announced as follows: (d—defeated).

Boys' Singles.

FIRST ROUND—Woebbecking d. Huff by default; Zent d. Fahlsing by default; Coil d. Gerke 10-12; 6-3; 6-3.

SECOND ROUND—Strodel d. Dannecker by default; Shulze d. Bromelmeier 6-3; 6-2; Rohan d. VanArnam by default; Plogsterth d. R. Hall by default; W. Shambaugh d. Johnston 6-3; 6-4; Martz d. Erickson 6-2; 6-3; Thompson d. Clear 8-6; 9-7; Bradley d. Diffendorfer 6-0; 6-1; Parnin d. Phipps 6-0; 6-0; Palmer d. Clifford by default; W. O'Rourke d. Brower 6-1; 6-0; Mulholland d. Kendall by default; H. Shambaugh d. Apfelbaum 6-1; 6-2; Rauch d. Mossman 6-2; 6-1; Jackson d. E. Spiegel 6-3; 6-3; Zent d. Coil by default; Riker d. H. Popp 5-7; 6-4; 6-2; Diffendorfer d. Blake 6-0; 6-1; Heller d. Keller 6-1; 6-2; Outland d. Bonahoom 6-0; 6-0; Frank d. Heck 6-1; 6-4; Waterfield d. Underhill 6-2; 6-3; L. Popp d. Stockberger 6-0; 6-1; Buck d. Hunting by default; Thieme d. Moylan by default; Randall d. Steup 6-1; 6-0; Edmonds d. Wooding 6-3; 5-7; 6-4; Barnett d. Grable 6-2; 6-0; Detzer d. Hodell by default;

Saylor d. C. O'Rourke 8-6; 6-4; Rust d. Moellering 6-0; 7-5.

THIRD ROUND—Strodel d. Shulze 6-2; 6-2; Plogsterth d. Rohan 6-4; 6-2; W. Shambaugh d. Martz 6-3; 6-3; Bradley d. Thompson 6-0; 6-3; Parnin d. Palmer by default; W. O'Rourke d. Mulholland 5-7; 6-2; 6-0; Rauch d. H. Shambaugh 6-3; 6-0; Woebbecking d. Jackson 6-2; 6-4; Zent d. Riker 5-7; 6-0; 6-4; Diffendorfer d. Heller 6-1; 6-1; Frank d. Outland 6-1; 6-0; L. Popp d. Waterfield 6-1; 6-0; Buck d. Thieme 7-5; 3-6; 6-4; Randall d. Edmonds 6-3; 7-5; Detzer d. Barnett 6-2; 6-3; Rust d. Saylor 9-7; 6-1.

FOURTH ROUND—Plogsterth d. Strodel 6-2; 6-0; Shambaugh d. Bradley 6-3; 6-4; O'Rourke d. Parnin 6-0; 6-1; Woebbecking d. Rauch 6-3; def; Zent d. Diffendorfer 6-2; 6-4; Popp d. Frank 6-2; 6-2; Buck d. Randall by default; Rust d. Detzer 7-5; 6-3.

FIFTH ROUND—O'Rourke d. Woebbecking 6-4; 6-1; Plogsterth d. Shambaugh 6-1; 6-3.

Boys' Doubles.

FIRST ROUND—Mulholland and Woebbecking d. Rohan and Safford 6-1; 6-1; H. Shambaugh and Stockberger d. Wooding and Hodell, default; Brower and Detzer d. Jackson and Garath 6-2; 6-3; Bradley and Zent d. E. Spiegel and Sprang 6-1; 6-3.

SECOND ROUND—Thompson and Edmonds d. Johnston and Hall 6-4; 6-1; Shambaugh and Thieme d. Martz and Mossman 6-2; 6-4; Heller and Frank d. Peterson and Bonahoom 6-4; def; H. Popp and Randall d. Myers and Kendall, default; Grable and Wilkens d. Moeller-

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ing and Stall default; Riker and Gerke d. Parks and Saylor 6-1; 6-1; Heck and Barnett d. Bayer and Stouder, default; Mulholland and Woebeking d. H. Shambaugh and Stockberger, default; Bradley and Zent d. Brower and Detzer 6-1; 6-3; L. Popp and W. O'Rourke d. Shulze and Diffendorfer default; Coil and Martin d. Dannecker and Strodel 8-6; 6-2; Apfelbaum and Clear d. Underhill and Palmer 8-6; 7-5; Buck and Diffendorfer d. Brome-meier and Morton 6-1; 6-1; Plogsterth and Rauch d. Smith and Regadanz 6-0; 6-3; Steup and Parnin d. Williams and Sharp 6-1; 6-3; Rust and C. O'Rourke d. Outland and Myers 6-0; 6-2.

THIRD ROUND—Shambaugh and Thieme d. Thompson and Edmonds 8-6; 7-9; 6-2; Heller and Frank d. H. Popp and Randall 6-3; 6-1; Riker and Gerke d. Grable and Wilkens by default; Mulholland and Woebeking d. Heck and Barnett by default; L. Popp and W. O'Rourke d. Bradley and Zent 6-1; 6-0; Coil and Martin d. Apfelbaum and Clear 6-0; 6-2; Plogsterth and Rauch d. Buck and Diffendorfer 6-4; 6-2; Rust and C. O'Rourke d. Steup and Parnin 6-0; 6-3.

FOURTH ROUND—Shambaugh and Thieme d. Heller and Frank 6-4; 3-6; 6-4; Mulholland and Woebeking d. Riker and Gerke 6-0; 6-2; Popp and W. O'Rourke d. Coil and Martin 6-0; 6-1; Rust and C. O'Rourke d. Plogsterth and Rauch 6-2; 8-6.

FIFTH ROUND (Semi-Finals)—Shambaugh and Thieme d. Mulholland and Woebeking 5-7; 1-6; 6-4; 6-4; 6-3.

Girls' Singles.

FIRST ROUND—Young d. Marshall 6-1; 6-1; Duemling d. Kampe 6-3; 6-4; Hackius d. Herman, default; Cherry d. Barth 3-6; 6-0; 6-4; Bicknell d. Pharies, default; Blackstone d. Bash 7-5; 6-4 Wilding d. Keller 6-2; 6-1; Eikenbary, bye.

SECOND ROUND—Duemling d. Young

7-5; 6-1; Hackius d. Cherry 6-2; 6-4; Bicknell d. Blackstone 6-3; 6-0; Wilding d. Eikenbarry 6-2; 6-3.

Semi-Finals.

THIRD ROUND—Hackius d. Duemling 6-4; 10-8; Wilding d. Bicknell 6-2; 6-2.

FOURTH ROUND—(Finals) Hackius d. Wilding 6-2; 6-3; 4-6; 5-7; 8-6.

Girls' Doubles.

FIRST ROUND—Barth and Herring d. Boshler and Marshall 6-3; 6-2; Kampe and Hackius d. Keller and Pharies, default; Cherry and Wilding d. Eikenbarry and Blackstone 6-1; 6-1; Bash and Duemling lye.

SECOND ROUND—(Semi-finals) Kampe and Hackius d. Barth and Herring 6-0; 6-0; Cherry and Wilding d. Bash and Duemling 6-3; 6-2; 6-0.

THIRD ROUND—(Finals) Cherry and Wilding d. Kampe and Hackius 2-6; 2-6; 6-0; 6-4; 6-2.

Mixed Doubles.

FIRST ROUND—Brower and Miller d. Rauch and Ferguson 6-2; 7-5.

SECOND ROUND—Hall and Sellers d. Sarver and Kampe, default; O'Rourke and Saviers d. Buck and Keller 6-3; 6-2; Rust and Lewis d. Shulze and Bash 6-4; 4-6; 6-0; Coil and Bartha d. Brower and Miller 7-5; 6-2; Hall and Warner d. Baade and Bicknell 3-6; 6-3; 6-0; Saylor and Strieder d. Heck and Harvuot 6-3; 6-2; Riker and Duemling d. D. Diffendorfer and Cherry 6-1; 6-2; Thompson and Wilding d. T. D. Diffendorfer and Eikenbarry 6-4; 4-6; 9-7.

THIRD ROUND—O'Rourke and Siviers d. Hall and Sellers, default; Coil and Barth d. Rust and Lewis 6-4; 5-7; 4-6; Saylor and Strieder d. Hall and Warner, default; Riker and Duemling d. Thompson and Wilding 6-2; 3-6; 2-5.

FOURTH ROUND—(Semi-finals)—Riker and Duemling d. Saylor and Strieder 6-2; 6-3; 4-6; 1-6; 6-1.

Odds and Ends



A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

The meaning of nautical is something not very nice.

De Bracy siezed a lever and heaved at a pinochle (pinnacle).

The earth turns on its axles (axis) once a day.

In your dotage is being a church member.

An epicure is one fond of horses.

Cupid is the son of Hagar.

A metaphor is an impolite expression.

Steup's Army.

General Famine ...	"Skinny Steup"
General Nuisance	Myers
General Electric	Heck
Major Bed	Outland
Colonel Peanut	Geller
Corporal Baade	Baade
Waterboy	Waterman
Mascot	H. Watt
Trench-nigger	Phipps
Admiral Day	Diffendorfer
Private Dolittle ...	"Squire" Smith



TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird! thou never wert
That from school, or near it
Filled thy head or heart
With profuse spouts of
Sure premeditated art.

We look before and after
And pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some work is fraught;
Our sweetest grades, are those that
Tell of hardest thoughts.

Yet if we could scorn
Study, grades and work,
If we were things born
Not to wish to shirk,
I know that half the joy
In us could never lurk.

Teach me half the knowledge
That thy brain must know,
And thru every college
Easy could I go.
The world would gasp in awe—
(As the readers are gasping now)
—Water quick!

* * *

MEMORIES OF A BAD BOY

When I backward cast my glances,
Come old memories fast to me;
Memories of my many benchings,
That no sadder sure could be.

I remember every trouble
That ill fortune sent to me;
I remember the excuses
That would come so fast and free.

One misdeed would bring another,
And sometimes would be three
But they fled in their due season,
And would leave me to my sleep.

THAT MUSE OF MINE

All I do is move my pencil,
And the words fall into line;
So if you have fault to find here
Blame it on that muse of mine.

If the grammar is not expert
And the words don't always
rhyme,
Spare me all your idle curses,
Blame it on that muse of mine.

If the words are all not spelled right,
And mistakes do often shine,
If you find no sense nor reason,
Blame it on that muse of mine.

If you think you have been cheated,
And your money back do pine,
When you read these murdered
verses,
Blame it on that muse of mine.

—H. S. '15.

* * *

FRESHMAN DAILY BREAD.

Miss Williams—Please!
Miss Beebe—Every other chair.
Miss Parker—Ye gods and little
fishes.

Mrs. Edson—Chair on four legs.
A word to the wise is sufficient.

Miss Curtiss—Why girls,—its **per-**
fectly delicious!

Miss Wingert—**Take** the bench!
Mr. Tyner—So to speak, I care not
for that.

Mr. Thomas—Somebody's going
to be surprised in about five minutes.

Mr. McMillan—I have a good no-
tion to stick you on the bench.

* * *

“Beware of the hard luck story,
son,” warned careful Mister Pupp;
“for if you ever swallow one, you'll
do some coughing up.”



A DAFFYDILLIC DITTY.

(Words and music by J. Kinner
Blitz, '16.)

There are many things I wish I
knew,
But I may receive some help from
you;
I'll ask you questions now for fun,
If you'll take your right hand off the
gun:—

Can the armed armadello
Go to sleep without his pillow?
And if a cat fell in the sea
Would it be a catastrophe?
Or if sodium chloride is known as
salt,

Where did the safe deposit vault?
And how, oh how is the pretty mer-
maid?

And does sophomore yellow ever
fade?

Or tell me, why does the Scotch high-
ball,

Or else why does Niagara fall?

And is an engine called a she

Because to run one takes a he?

Pray, tell me, too, have engineers?

And I'd like to know are brigadiers?

And does Vera Cruz in Mexico,

And how much does a piano?

If a ship would sink would a safety
razor?

Should a barber's boy be called a
shaver?

Is there nourishment in subway jam,
And do you always say, "I am,"

When the teacher asks if you're un-
prepared?

And tell me how the railroad fared.

I'd like to know what will epieure,

And if a dog barks does a newspa-
per.

Now I hope these questions will keep
you busy

As they've driven me almost dizzy;

But I'd like to know this before I
quit:

Is a kitten born in a stove, a biscuit?

* * *

A SAYLOR met his friend, the
TAYLOR. They decided to go
HUNTING, so they walked across
the PARKS and into the FIELDS.
According to the story, a TIGER
came upon them from a BYROAD.
Mistaking the SAYLOR for Senator
Belle, the TIGER SPRANG at him.
(Enter hero.) Just then Albertus
Parkerhouse Phipps hove into sight.
"WATT is all the RAUCH," said
he. The situation was made CLEAR.
Albertus went to a nearby APPEL-
BAUM and plucked a CHERRY.
Placing it in his POPP-gun, he fired,
and the TIGER keeled over in the
MEYER, by HECK.

—Not by Heek.

* * *

Cry of the Suffragettes.

Oh! for a thousand Irish brieks

With a nail in every one,

To kill, and maim, and slaughter all
The mousies that do run.

* * *

There is a young lady called "Itz"

Who, when she is mad, fairly spits.

But she also can laugh,

Just the same as a calf,

And in spite of it, Hazen likes
"Itz."

* * *

There is a young lady named Kate,

Who is always seeking a mate.

She has had three or four,

And would like to have more,

But they all will stay clear of Kate.

* * *

If Gumshoe drove a Foolish Four

And Louis rode behind,

Oh, where, oh, where could Flossie
Neff

Find room for his great mind?



ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE

Forth from the school our sleuth so stern,

Came ready for a fight.

The whereabouts of some truants to learn,

You know he has plenty of time to burn.

He almost knew which way to turn,
Almost, but not quite.

A Jitney bus he did procure,

The first that hove in sight.

But its strength did not endure;

One of the back wheels stuck in a sewer,

He almost caught them to be sure,
Almost, but not quite.

Now once a bottle of ink did fall

On the walk with force and might.

The sleuth raged up and down the hall,

He questioned one, he questioned all,
He almost found how the ink did fall,

Almost, but not quite.

The hall with paper was strewn one day

It certainly was a sight

Around it hung some festoons gay,

Decorated free, gratis, without any pay.

He almost found who acted this way,
Almost, but not quite.

The sleuth always scents a High school lark

To crush it with his might.

But his bite is not as bad as his bark
In the detective line he's all in the dark

In the world he's almost made his mark,

Almost? Yes quite.

W. MORRISS.

The Freshman, when he came to High,

Felt that he must study or die;

A rule never, never break or a teacher defy.

Oh, my!

After some months of wear and tear,
If he surviving remained there,

And kept his resolutions fair,

'Twas rare.

As a Sophomore his boldness grew;

He took a different point of view;

He learned to skip like me and you.

Too true!

Now the trouble began to brew,

Which even the bench couldn't subdue;

He talked with Jane, flirted with Sue.

Mon dieu!

When he was a Junior new,

The hours spent in study were few.

He learned to smoke (alas, 'twas true!),

Or chew.

And since study he can't endure,

A pony now he does procure,

F's are many; A's are few,

To be sure.

If he should become a Senior bright,
To play the wise one would be a delight,

And to rise to a lofty mental height.

Good night!

His Sunday manners would be in view,

He'd love the Freshman to subdue,

Until with High School he'd be thru,
And say Adieu.

W. MORRISS.

THE CALDRON 1915

A senior lad one day set out
This wide, wide world to see.
His head was full of youth's YOUNG
dream,
He wonders much how it WOOD
seem
A financier to be.

"Now wonder I," this senior said,
"What job I am to take?
A COOK, a PITCHER or a SAY-
LOR,
A SQUIRE, a SELLER or a TAY-
LOR,
The choice is hard to make."

"By Heck," he to himself did say,
'Tis hard to find a job;
But if I would a WERKMAN be,
My mind I must make up, you see.
I guess I'll try to ROB!"

While HUNTING 'round the
LAKE(Y) shore
On a ship his eyes he CLAPPED.
He found that she was STEMEN in,
The good ship EMMA HEINZEL-
MANN,
And a plan at once he mapped.

That KNIGHT he got a COIL of
rope
And put it in a boat.
A BLACKSTONE and a BRUECK
NER it,
A STIRLING brace(let) and a BIT
NER it.
His bark he pushed afloat.

Now this young man had fallen in
love
As all young school men will,
But the girl had taken it all in sport
And left for a trip to old New
YORK
While HER(R) MAN(N) thought of
her still.

ROB'S thoughts were interrupted
by
The sounds of a RAUCH on deck.

His boat he to the vessel drew
And up the JACOBS ladder flew,
"To help them out," by HECK.

In the arms of a brute, he saw a girl
Who tried to get away.
She shrank from the man aa he
seemed prepared
To use a knife which had been
BAIRD
And shone as bright as day.

Our hero thought it was time to act
So he got his COIL of rope
As the girl slipped and fell to the
deck
The rope settled 'round the villian's
neck
And it didn't feel like a joke.

ROB'S knee PREST ON the big
slugg's back
While the girl tied knots, and it
seems
As he raised his eyes and looked at
the girl,
His thoughts were racing, his head
in a whirl;
He had rescued the girl of his
dreams.

Eight sounds of a BELL had just
rang out
When along came the girl's own
POPP.
He saw and exclaimed "Great JOSE-
PHINE
It's like the adventures of KATH-
LEEN;
But how did you get on top?"

ROB tried to WARNER with his
eyes
But she would tell the story com-
plete.
If he hadn't come along and seen the
fight
For me it would certainly have been
"Good KNIGHT;"

THE CALDRON 1915

ROB stood by and looked at his feet.

When "dad" NEU FER sure what
the lad had done,
He thanked him and instantly ask-
ed,

"About a good position; would you
accept—"

ROB butted right in and hollered
you bet,"

While the girl stood by and laughed.

Our Bobby boys happy, as happy
can be,

But as it is getting late

He says "I am glad I tried to ROB,
Or I never'd have landed this excel-
lent job;

Here goes for a nice 'tata TAIT."

* * *

Say, did you ever notice that ev-
ery poet has something wrong with
him? Just think of a few. For ex-
ample, Burns was an inebriate, Sam
Johnson a nut, Shelley an egoist,
Coleridge an opium fiend, Words-
worth a farmer, Keats a consump-
tive, Shakespeare an actor and
Steup well, you know Steup! Judge
for yourselves.

Moral: Nix on poesy!

* * *

Skinny wrote a poem,

So did J. K. B.

Wilhelmina Morris

Also wrote for me.

Of course there were some others

Who helped me out somewhat,

So thanks to all who did their best,

If it was good or not.

—By E. P. Shulze.

* * *

We know a guy called "Skinny"

Who, everyone says, is quite
thinny;

He thinks he's a poet,

Though no one doth know it,

But who would enlighten poor

"Skinny"?

If wurds wur spelld the way thay
sound,

It wud be nicer awl around.

"Light" wud be "l-i-t-e,"

And wurds like "blud" wee then
shud see,

"Coff" is the way that "cough"
wud go

And "feu" from "noo" and yoo
wee'd no.

Since the wurd's pronounet "tur-
pentine,"

What wee awt too say is "gasol-
ine,"

Or else wee shud say "gasoleen,"

While "door as "dor" wud then
be seen.

For the "o" in "mother" wee'd put
a "u",

And "thought" as "thawt" wud
luk quite noo;

"Ate" wee'd leev as "a-t-e,"—

Then the number mite bee "a-i-t."

Wee'd change a littul the week's
forth day,

So Wednesday we eud trooly say.

Wun wurd eud be left as "brake,"

But frum the uther an "e" wee'd
take,

To it then wee wud add an "i";

And the wurd for "perish" wud
be "dy."

Sum wurds indeed are reely queer,—

Invented by a nut I fear;

So hard they've taxed my iveery
hed,

That I'll hav too quit and go to
bed. —J. K. B. (16).

* * *

A Caldron floated on the breeze,

And sailed the coast of Maine;

And moved away far out to sea—

At last it stopped again.

And a castaway on that desert isle

Turned up his nose in disdain,

For the jokes in there had once been
rare

When his father sailed the main.



THE SOROSIS.

Miss Todd, Founder.

Emblem: The oak leaf.

Motto: "To be intensely something."

Colors: Irish green and white.

Sorosis Yell:

S-O-R-O-S-I-S!

Everybody knows us
Well I guess.

Rah, rah, rah,
We're the best,
Sorosis, Sorosis,
Stands the test.

Sorosis Song:

If any one should ask us, from Fort
Wayne or Damascus,
Why we are wearing colors so glaring,

We would answer you in tones of
pride

With faces all serene:

"We are the Sorosis, we wear the
white and green,

Sorosis we! O jolly girls so keen,
Sorosis we! Whose like was never
seen,

We are a jolly crew and we put it
up to you,

Wouldn't you just to be 'A Wearing
of the Green?'"

* * *

A young teacher whose name was
Mollot

Would have taken the roll, but
could not.

So many skipped out,

When he was about,

And we all give much thanks for
Mollot.

* * *

There is a young fellow named
Brower,

Who can talk thru his hat by the
hour;

And when we don't know,
To Ralph we sure go,

For all things are well known to
Brower.

Height of Impudence: To swipe
some comp paper and a bottle of ink
out of her desk and then ask her to
write an argument for you.

Height of Absurdity: A. Parkerhouse Phipps in a dress suit,
wearing a diamond studded cane as
the Shah of Persia as an inducement
to come to his wedding.

Height of Laziness: To roll out of
bed at four in the morning in order
to have more time to loaf.

Height of Forgetfulness: To get
3 A's and 2 E's for the month, and
forget to tell your parents.

Height. of Foolishness: To will-
fully enter Mac's senior Lit class
without having prepared your les-
son.

Height of Honesty: To refuse to
reach across the aisle when a box of
Aurentz's rests peacefully on your
neighbor's desk.

Height of Diligence: To remain
in school to study Burke, when
school is dismissed for the ball game.

Height of Thriftiness: To wear a
heavy mustache in order to get
"stewed" off the fumes of yester-
day's beer.

Height of Imagination: To paste
gold stars inside an umbrella and
think you are at the "Jefferson."

* * *

Jimmy: "Sis can't see you to-
night, Mr. Jones. She's had a
tur'ble accident."

Jones: "What happened?"

Jimmy: "All her hair got burned
up."

Jones: "Good heavens! Was she
burned?"

Jimmy: "Naw, she don't know it
yet; she wasn't there."

* * *

'Twas twilight on the highest hill;

'Twas darkness in the dell;

'Twas freedom up in heaven

And school time down in hell.

THE CALDRON 1915

A few lines jingle—most do not
In these murdered verses;
But since I wrote for thought not verse
Please save your whispered curses.

Of all the sleepy things that grow
The greatest sure have we
Who sits all day and sleeps away,
And Jacobs it must be.

A good athlete—a captain once,
Is our imported "Diff,"
Who was ne'er behind in any kind
Of study—soft or stiff.

Another captain have we too,
And Jennie Duemling is her name.
She never joked but only once,
But that brought everlasting fame.

Some stand first and some stand third,
And some are any where;
But to Miss Umbach at the head
Goes all the honor fair.

And next of course; all could not lead,
Comes Gertrude Beierlein
Who stands along, on he second throne
With grades that more than shine.

Of course you've heard of famous Heck,
Who sailed the wintry sea;
And guided safe with Bill O'Rourke
Our play to victory.

Have you seen his funny capers?
Have you seen this acting "find?"
Then its time you get acquainted
With Bob Hall and Jones combined.

You all have read the "Sleepy Holler"
And have enjoyed it too,
So to Art Molher goes the praise—
The amount I leave to you.

And there's Joe Bell, of portly grace
Whe at last has won a class
Who tried for years, with many tears
In vain, all things to pass.

Is he a fool, who had his fingers burned
While mixing stuff that flamed while
yet he turned
You answer no, for he is one who learns
That knowledge, ask friend Coil, is
something hotly earned.

'Tis sometimes sad to be quite long
But if your brain's where it belongs
And in proportion to your length, it has

grew to strength
Then—like Taylor—'tis no hardship to
be long.

If all the routine and the work
Would stop for just a minute
We'd all feel benefited like E. P. Shulze
And would wish to be back in it.

Stanley Hunting as our President
Has perfectly filled his place
He bore the brunt of all the work
With smiling willing grace.

And there is Phipps of kingly mien
Who sure will marry a fairy queen
And who for e'er will always be
A shining, bright, celebrity.

For just one dose, I've wrote enough
Of all this woozy-wambly stuff
And so I'll stop and give repose
To those who read up to the close.

* * *

There is a young fellow called Neff,
Who in tennis will sure draw an F.
He thinks he can play,
But the students all say
It's as easy as pie to beat Neff.

* * *

Caldron jokes are awful;
Shulze's part is worse,
But oh! those "pomes" that Skinny
writes

Will surely make you curse.
—By Geo. B. Riker.

* * *

A poet sat on a hickory limb
Writing a lovely "pome".
A squirrel, from his bed,
Ate the poor poet's head
And then for ten hours did groan.

* * *

There is a young lady called Dot,
Who is always right on the spot.
She can get out a Caldron
Whenever she's called on,
So let's all take our hats off to Dot.

* * *

Doc McKeenan tells me that there
is no spring tonic that will help a
clock that is run down. Winding it
up might help.



CAN YOU TELL US?

Why Senator Belle is taking to the dance?
 Why H. Cavalier wears "sideburns?"
 Where we unearthed these jokes?
 When Bitner bought his last annual hair cut?
 Who carved the initials on seat 6 in 18?
 Whether Shulze was ever in love?
 Why Parks likes the front seat in 18? Watch the styles, Paul.
 Why Mac doesn't get much sleep any more? Ask the "Nightingale
 Four."
 Why K. Sprang is learning to play tennis?
 Who stole Clara McMillen's Latin pony?
 Why some of us attend F. W. H. S.?
 What happened to Werry's gold-medals?
 Where "Shorty" Taylor gets his shoes?
 How Mac "smells out" the gum chewers?
 Who sowed the cactus on Rauch's chin?
 What would happen if Reising sat on Neff?
 Where to get a silencer for Herb Myers' neckties?
 Who won that Gerke vs. Parks debate on prohibition?
 Who put the "wild" in Wilding?
 The story of Ruth? (Ask Shulze.)
 What would happen if Clara MacMillen should flunk?
 Why Parks and Riker dispute over the length of their noses?
 Where all that comp paper goes from Room 22?
 Who said that Fahlsing was an honor student?
 When the new second floor detective was appointed?
 Why Bill O'Rourke wasn't valedictorian?
 Why Weary doesn't pick on Rauch any more?

When C. T. was in power,
 We called him cross and sour.
 We thought it would be sweet con-
 cord
 If we were ruled by Louie Ward.
 When C. T. of his job did tire,
 Along came Ward, whom we ad-
 mire.
 But it proved to be
 As we all see,
 From the frying pan into the fire.

* * *

Heck: "Why don't you go in for
 track work—you're skinny."
 Steup: "Yes, I'm thin. but not
 thin enough to run."

Johnston is tall,
 Hall is small,
 Yet they go together.
 Helene is small,
 Pauline is tall,
 Yet them you could never sever.
 And then some cry—
 "We wonder why?"

* * *

There is a young fellow named Gus
 Who makes with the girls a great
 fuss;
 But when he teased Mary
 She replied in tones airy
 That she liked her dog better than
 Gus.



SOROSIS.

We are a Lit Society—
Of course, you've heard of us;
Even tho', as well you know,
We never raise a fuss.

Our emblem is the oak leaf,
Of strength it is a sign;
"To be intensely something,"
Our motto, which is fine.

Our aim is to be useful,
To have a jolly time;
Our dues are not expensive—
Fifteen, plus a dime.

We often give a party,
A play or some such matter,
And surely one can testify
They always come 'way fatter.

But there is a leading spirit
(Known by me and you),
And our success we must confess
To Anna Todd is due.

—WILHELMINA MORRISS.

Ode to Thomas.

Aeneas was a Trojan;
Caesar hailed from Rome.
Shakespeare was an Englishman,
But where is Harry's home?
Harry is not Russian,
Neither is he Dutch,
But if we say he is a nut,
We cannot miss it much.

* * *

We know a young fellow named Paul
Who talks to Jeanette in the hall.
He talks to her even
When they're in eighteen,
And she modestly says, "Now
stop, Paul."

* * *

Mr. Carter (Physics assignment):
Begin with lightning and go to
thunder.

We have a Dutch teacher named
Pete,
Who walks in the hall with his
feet;
If he finds no one there,
He tears at his hair,
For he likes to bench people, does
Pete.

* * *

There is a young lady named June,
Who got rid of her husband too
soon;
For she can't find another,
So she stays home with mother—
Now isn't that sad about June?

* * *

Is there prohibition of kissing
in this school?
No, local option.
(Note: This is a typical example
of our exchange jokes.)

THE CALDRON 1915

There is a young lady named Bill,
Who can write out a poem at will.
She wrote some of these—
(Not this, if you please)—
And she's really quite brilliant, is
Bill.

* * *

Hall: "'Hunk' Geller got a shock
at their bakery this morning."

Johnston: "How did it happen?"

Hall: "He stepped on a cookie
with a current in it?"

* * *

"I don't understand how one can
learn boxing by correspondence.
How does one get the practice?"

"Oh, you get practice licking
stamps."

* * *

Girlies, girlies, have great caution
When you read this rancid joke,
For there might be an ignition
That would turn complexion into
smoke.

* * *

Freshmen, rejoice! Each raise his
voice

In a loud and sonorous cry,
Since no longer green,
You can vent your spleen
On the next who come to High.

* * *

Louie has shed his yaller shirt,
Of course we wonder why.
They say his shirt was filled with
dirt;

Likewise his grass-green tie.

* * *

The boy stood on the railroad track,
The train at him did squeal,
The engineer got off the cab
And scraped him off the wheel.

* * *

There is a young lady named
"Biek,"

Who has suitors both many and
thick;

They call every night,
And 'most always fight,
Just to go somewhere with "Biek."

There is a young fellow named
Spiegel,
Who, in the "Math" Club is quite
regal ;
And to get us all there
Is a quality rare,
But everyone comes for Paul
Spiegel.

* * *

The only word that will rhyme with
Blitz

Is the name of the beer that is
known as Schlitz,

So we can't make a rhyme,

At least not this time,
About the honorable J. Kinner Blitz.

* * *

There is a young fellow named Heck,
Who cometh when Gertrude doth
beck;

It ne'er happened before,
And it may not any more,

But anyway who can blame Heck?

* * *

Some vimmens are, some vimmens
aint

All dat vimmens seem.
If vimmens would wash off der
paint,

Keiblitzt, vot would be seen?

* * *

Big wind,
Short skirt,
Makes men
Cease work.

Notice: Hereafter the M. B. loaf-
ers will meet at the corner of Berry
and Calhoun streets on windy days.
Grapenuts "There's a reason."

* * *

There is someone in this school,
His name is Georgie Carter,
And with the girls he makes a hit,
Although he might be smarter.

* * *

Now David is a noble man.
(His last name's Werremeyer.)
Oof his jokes of antedeluvian date
His pupils often tire.

THE CALDRON 1915

Smith: "Where are you working?"

Jones: "In a dortor's office."

S.: "What you doing?"

J.: "Assorting out skulls."

S.: "What d'y'e mean assorting skulls?"

J.: "Put the female skulls in one box and the male skulls in another."

S.: "How do you tell the male skulls from the female?"

J.: "The female jaw is two inches longer than the male."

* * *

Preacher: By the way, Mrs. Smith, I was extremely sorry to see your husband leave church in the middle of the sermon. I trust there was nothing serious the matter with him?"

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, no, sir; it was nothing serious, but you see, sir, the poor man do 'ave a turrible 'abit of walking in 'is sleep." —Ex.

* * *

A preacher, accompanied by two charming young ladies, stood entranced by the beauties of a passing stream.

A fisherman, happening by and mistaking his occupation, said:

"Ketchin' many, pard?"

"I'm a fisher of men," replied the preacher, with dignity.

"Well, you sure got the right bait," rejoined the fisherman, with an admiring glance at the girls. —Ex.

* * *

Dave D'f'm'r'f'r: "Some guy patented a machine to keep girls from falling out of hammocks."

Runt Rouch: "More machinery displacing men."

* * *

Slim: "Did you know smoking changed the color of your complexion."

Jim: "Sure, I get tanned every time the governor sees me with a cigarette. After that I see red and finally relapse into the blues." —Ex.

Love.

By E. Filthy S.

Love is a heterogenous conglomeration of absurdity calculated to bamboozle the anatomy of the individual who becomes intoxicated by its abominable and irresistible power.

* * *

John: "Mother, there is a strange man at the front door who says he must see you at once."

Mother: "Great Scott! Has he a bill?"

John: "No; just a red nose."

* * *

Bob Hall: "How much does a marriage license cost?"

Beach Hall: "Ten bucks down and all you got for the rest of your life."

* * *

If any one wants to have a good laguh, ask Ike Bon'h'om or John Clapsattle to walk like Charlie Chaplin.

* * *

Mistress: "How's come I saw you entertaining a policeman in the kitchen last evening, Mary?"

Mary: "Dunno, miss, unless you was peepin thru the key hole." —Ex.

* * *

McMillan: "Mr. Hillegass, what poem would you name as being the best reflection of our national ideas and hopes?"

Bob Hillegass: "'Casey at the bat'."

* * *

Parks: "I'm smoking a terrible box of cigars lately."

Saylor: "You sure are if this is one of them."

* * *

When Willie kicked the dynamite,

He flew o'er dale and hill.

"I must," the father sighed that night,

"Collect a little Bill."

—Ex.

* * *

Teacher: "What is an oyster?"

Jonny: "An oyster is a fish built like a nut."

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After Graduation—What?

AVERAGE INCOMES FOR FIVE YEARS—YALE GRADUATES OF 1906

Occupations:	1st Year	2nd Year	3rd Year	4th Year	5th Year
Insurance Agents	\$1,665	\$1,150	\$1,480	\$1,908	\$2,708
College Teachers and Officials	1,376	945	1,001	1,093	1,419
School Teachers and Officials	988	1,118	1,324	1,456	1,500
Social or Religious Workers	924	1,100	1,400	1,404	1,766
Farmers and Ranchmen	893	1,200	1,866	1,600	2,400
Government Employees	850	860	1,165	1,575	2,650
Real Estate Dealers	825	1,100	1,750	2,140	2,550
Musicians	750	1,100	1,450	1,700	1,350
Advertisers and Publishers	730	1,202	1,702	2,792	3,600
Business Men	717	885	1,246	1,657	1,967
Journalists	660	790	821	920	1,168
Engineers	650	942	1,352	1,286	1,702
Manufacturers	602	1,185	1,639	2,100	2,485
Brokers	537	1,376	2,086	2,237	2,695
Bankers	510	938	1,170	1,472	2,112
Graduate Students	487	542	425	447	370
Lawyers	358	339	608	927	1,244
Foresters	1,100	1,300	1,500
Total Replying	131	151	160	177	184
Average—all Occupations ...	\$ 740	\$ 968	\$1,286	\$1,522	\$1,885
Average for all Occupations—five-year period	\$1,280.82				
Average Insurance Agents—five-year period	1,872.33				

The facts contained in the above table certainly give convincing proof that life insurance agents earn more money than clerks in banks and stores, or men who own and manage the average store or business house. And furthermore, the life insurance agent can shift his place of business at will. If business is poor in one particular section, the life insurance agent is not tied there as is the ordinary merchant but can work in better territory.

Study Life Insurance

It will be noted that Insurance Agents averaged to earn 62% more money over the five-year period than was averaged by the men who chose other professions. It should be remembered, however, that it does not require a college education to enable a man or a woman to earn money selling life insurance.

There is no line of work open to the person of average education and ability, without capital or influence in which the opportunities for accomplishing immediate financial returns, building up a substantial income and attaining to a position of importance and prominence in the business affairs of a community, are equal to the opportunities offered by a life insurance agency. The only capital required is clean character, a clear head, honesty of purpose, tact, enthusiasm and a big surplus of indomitable energy and grim determination to succeed. Endowed with these prerequisites the man or wo-

man who takes up life insurance work need have no fear of failure, and if he or she will carefully study the business, making the best possible use of time and opportunities, success is certain.

No line of work opens up such splendid opportunities for the young man as does life insurance soliciting. The natural inclination of young men is to accept some clerical position where they will receive steady salaries and not have to exert themselves beyond doing routine work directed and supervised by a superior officers. There is nothing that serves to destroy the usefulness of a young man or fails to develop ambition in him more than a position of this character. It places practically no responsibility on him and as a rule he never develops beyond the position of a clerk. Very frequently we see old men who have been engaged in nothing but clerical work all their lives.

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And also the unjust fellows;
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust had the justs' umbrellas.



Pome.

Hoisted flagon,
Awful jag on,
Sees a dragon,
Water wagon.



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—Ex.

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White duck hats 50c.

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Is a saying that we very often see;

And over this I'm worried,
'Till I'm really very flurried,—
Does the nutty half refer to you or me?
—Ex.

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"He has talent in his family."

"Is that so?"

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Judge: "Discharged! Can't make a case out of nine bottles." —Ex.

Old Hen: "Bobby, why don't you stand and let your father sit down? Don't it pain you to see him reaching for that strap?"

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Smith: "I quit giving him cigar-
ettes."

Smith: "Bob Edmunds quit smok-
ing."

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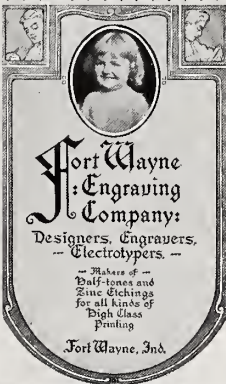
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Soft straws. \$1.00 to \$3.00.

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Herr Geller: "Ist es nicht hell wenn wir in dem morgen aufstehen?"

Herr Heck: "Ja, es ist hell." —Ex.

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Smith: "I haf a terrible bad coldt."

Riekkoff: "Why don't you take something for it?"

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Gold finish buckle belts \$1.00.

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Store only ONE SQUARE north and a
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Straw Hats.

Straw sailors, panamas, bangkoks,
leghorns, milans from the finest mak-
ers. PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Belts 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

She (disgustedly): "Drunk again!"
He: "Hic—so am I." —Ex.

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